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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886.

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SWEET ON EACH OTHER.

HOW A LOVING YOUNG PIUTE BUCK AND SQUAW AFFORDED THE CROWD MERRIMENT ON NORTH C STREET,
VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886.

IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor if any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscription agent who is not selling this paper. Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

THE LATEST EXCUSE.

The collapse of the projected match between John L. Sullivan and Charles Mitchell has brought a great deal of natural chagrin and disappointment, not only to the men who hoped that it might turn out a sanguinary slugging match, but to the better informed lovers of manly sport, who knew that it would have been a lawful show of skill and courage. The disappointment is made all the more aggravating by the fact that the match was not stopped under color of the law, but simply because when Mayor Grace was asked for a license he bluntly refused to give one.

As was said in a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, the legality of such a match as that which Mayor Grace refused to sanction, even when under the full control of the police authorities, was affirmed by no less a judicial authority than Justice Barrett of the Supreme Court. Richard K. Fox, at the time of the Sullivan-Greenfield match, took pains to have a test case made up and laid before his honor. The Judge, who is universally acknowledged to be the peer in intelligence, justice and knowledge of the law of any jurist sitting on any bench in any part of the world, and who is the last man to suspect of a leaning toward violence in any form, even in the guise of sport, justified the views of Richard K. Fox by deciding that a boxing match with gloves, under the supervision of the police, was every bit as legal a performance as a game of baseball or a dog show.

Superintendent Murray, against whom not even Mayor Grace will dream of alleging a desire to assist at shirking the law, took the same ground as the Judge, and in answer to inquiries as to what he would do in the premises, replied in every instance, "I shall be governed, of course, by the decision of Judge Barrett"—a decision, by the way, recently reaffirmed by one of the most learned men who sit upon the English bench.

All looked plain sailing and fair weather, therefore, until Mayor Grace advised himself that he had a right to be applied to for a license for the match as an entertainment. And so advising himself, he refused to grant such license, and thus knocked the "entertainment" on the head.

In thus openly declaring that, as chief magistrate of the city, he could not intrust to the police the task of keeping the match within the lawful boundaries laid down by Judge Barrett, Mayor Grace has taken a bold step. It remains to be seen whether he will have to back down from it. For, to be consistent, in the future he must assert his control of every public entertainment, show or match given in his dominions, independent of the authority of the police. He must license baseball games; he must license kermesses, no matter if they are held on Fifth avenue, in behalf of dude charity; he must license the games of the Athletic Club and exercise a personal control of the small glove contests which swell members of the Racket like to see fought to a finish.

The task which Mayor Grace has carved out for himself is one which the Police Department he has insulted ought to soon clear up with neatness and dispatch, no matter how he may regret the stern logic of consistency.

MR. WILLIAM H. DANA, of Rochester, entered a free-for-all shooting contest at Houston a few weeks ago, and although the local competitors were many he won the first prize, making a score of 89 out of a possible 100. That's what's the matter with Texas—beaten at handling a pistol by a lad from Western New York.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Alfred Hanlon was buried at Pascadena, Cal.

The family of Harry Bloodgood is left penniless.

Gus Williams' new play is called "Kephale's Fortunes."

McKee Rankin is selling out his island home near Detroit.

Mike Kennedy, who has been seriously ill, has convalesced.

Dan Sully has a big winner in his new play, "Daddy Nolan."

Joseph Jefferson will play only about thirteen weeks next season.

Edwin Booth is at Cohasset, Mass., on a visit to Lawrence Barrett.

Sarah Bernhardt is playing in South America to \$5,000 a performance.

Frank Kilday plays the leading business with Myra Goodwin next season.

Edwin F. Mayo, son of Frank Mayo, will star next season in "Davy Crockett."

Enid Leslie has gone to England, ordered by her physicians to take a good rest.

Miss Julia Wheeler denies that she is to wed Jimmy Morrissey. Sensible Julia!

George W. June has gone to New York to put some braces in his dramatic fences.

Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker is reported slowly dying at her home in New York State.

Mary Anderson will drop another tear on the tomb of Shakspeare before she acts again.

William Warren, the comedian, of Boston, might be called the "chestnut" of the profession.

Lillian is the favorite name among actresses at present, but Mary takes the receipts.

It is reported that James H. Rennie, the missing actor, is in a New Orleans insane asylum.

Emily Soldene talks of coming over again next fall. She still has her mouth with her.

Pat Rooney, the "Dago" star, will quit the specialty business and try comedy next season.

Kit Clarke has gone to Europe. He will not manage the Renz-Santley Company next season.

Evans and Hoey, in "A Parlor Match," open their coming season at Hooley's Theatre, August 30th.

Patti made each of the lady guests at her wedding breakfast the present of a garter. This was kind.

Josie DeVoy and J. Oakley Hall were married in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 28. Who is J. Oakley Hall?

Like old John Brown's soul, Lotta's fortune is marching on. The latest estimate puts it at \$1,000,000.

John Hart and several other variety performers who went to England recently are on their way home.

Mary Mills, who was called here Mrs. Bartley Campbell, is now playing in "The Streets of New York."

Mad. Janish, having now made a financial success in this country, is busy in Europe investigating in wardrobe.

Louis Harrison will stay in New York and support Nat Goodwin in his coming venture at the Bijou Theatre.

Hilda Thomas and Harry Blakeley, of the variety stage, were married recently. Hilda's second, Harry's first.

Lawrence Barrett is said to think of adding a dramatization of "Ben Hur," General Lew Wallace's novel, to his repertoire.

Emilie Rickaby, widow of the late John Rickaby, who formerly was on the stage, will shortly resume the dramatic profession.

It is a rather singular fact that A. O. Duncan, the ventriloquist at Koster & Bial's, is the son of parents who are both deaf mutes.

George J. Charles, the actor who committed suicide in Philadelphia recently, claimed to be a blood relative of Henry Ward Beecher.

They are wild in Sacramento because Jeffreys Lewis played "Mons. Alphonse" as a new play under the name of "For a Child's Sake."

It is said that J. C. Williamson, the wealthy Australian manager, is backing Mrs. Agnes Robertson-Boudcault's proposed American tour.

Manager McCaull is delighted with the success of the "Crowing Hen." It will probably hold the boards at Wallacks during the entire summer.

Miss Lillie Grubb, of the "Adonis" company, is liked over in London, and is praised for not changing her name to De Vere or Mount Tempest.

Mr. John Morrissey will again manage the Lyceum theatre, Chicago, next season, making his third year. Pretty clever for "Old Time Rocks."

Although the show business is not in a very prosperous condition, more new theatres are building than ever before known in theatrical annals.

The McCaull Opera Comique company, which plays "The Black Hussar" on the road next season, will carry their own orchestra, complete and entire.

The new Louisville theatre now being built for the Whallen Brothers, will be the finest variety theatre in America. It will have a seating capacity of 3,500.

The foreign contingent will be unusually large next season. We shall have Bernhardt, Mrs. Lantry, Wilson Barrett, the Meiningsen Company, Miss Fortescue and an English comic opera company.

New York will get its first taste of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "The Khegiva," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre about November 1. It will be brought out in London and in New York simultaneously, to avoid piracy.

SHE WAS TOO LITERARY.

For some time Carmel, N. Y., and the neighboring towns in Putnam county have been exercised over an action for divorce brought by Mrs. Jennie R. Mead against her husband, Spencer S. Mead. Young Mead is the heir to one of the largest estates in this county and a few years ago gave up his business in New York to take charge of the property of a rich uncle. Mrs. Mead is the daughter of John A. Becker, a wealthy resident of Schenectady, and is highly educated. She is a writer and her musical ability is well known. The couple were married Nov. 2, 1882, and have two children aged respectively three and two years.

Mrs. Mead's affidavit alleges that since her marriage her husband has treated her cruelly and has threatened her life with a loaded pistol, while on another occasion he has attempted to administer drugs to her. The affidavit further alleges that the plaintiff was compelled to perform arduous household duties, which she had not been accustomed to do, and that when she complained that she needed help her husband threatened in case she broke down to hire an improper character as domestic. It is also claimed that Mr. Mead was in the habit of calling his wife insane and threatening to confine her in an asylum. It is also alleged that Mr. Mead's rich uncle, with whom the young couple resided, made things so unpleasant at home that the plaintiff was forced to leave until an action for her divorce could be instituted.

In answer Mr. Mead claims that the charges are brought to extort money from him and his uncle. He denies that his wife was forced to leave on account of his cruelty and declares that he has been a sufferer from Mrs. Mead's literary tastes and accomplishments. In substantiation of the counter-claim of abandonment set up by Mr. Mead he alleges in his affidavit that since his marriage his wife "has spent nearly all of her time in reading, writing and literary labors and in playing the piano, dining out, and in frequent naps in the day time."

When the case was called a few days ago the defendant demanded a private hearing on the ground that the publicity of the charges against him would injure him. Judge Brown refused, and for the first time the people of the town learned the full details of the case. The sympathy was with Mrs. Mead, and when Court adjourned there was some talk of treating Mr. Mead to a coat of tar and feathers. After a brief hearing Lawyer Barnum made a motion to adjourn the case until next September, and asked Judge Brown to fix a sum for counsel fees and temporary alimony. Seventy-five dollars was granted Mr. Barnum and an order was issued directing Mr. Mead to pay this and give his wife \$4 a week until further orders.

DIED IN SPITE OF VODOU.

The negroes are not the only believers in voodoo practices in Southern Louisiana, has been abundantly shown in New Orleans during the past week. Some weeks ago a young German named Henry Forschler, a grocery keeper in fair circumstances, was taken ill. He sent for a negro herb doctor, who prescribed and administered simple remedies, but Forschler did not improve. At last the sick man became convinced that he had been voodooed and nothing could remove the impression from his mind. Conversation with neighbors only strengthened his belief, and a week ago Forschler determined to consult a voodoo as to his condition. He sent for one Grapion, a French speaking negro and nephew of the notorious Marie Laveau. The latter for more than fifty years and until her death, three years ago, was known as the Voodoo Queen, and wielded great influence among the negroes and a certain class of whites, who feared her mysterious power, in which they firmly believed. Naturally, among this class, the Voodoo Queen's relatives are supposed to be endowed with like powers. Grapion called to see Forschler, and after a brief investigation declared that he had been voodooed and could not be cured unless the voodoo grigri was removed.

This, he said, would be found under Forschler's store. Grapion went to the store, followed by a crowd of four or five hundred people, and proceeded to remove the flooring. Underneath he found various articles in triangular-shaped vessels, which he pronounced grigri, consisting of gun powder, vinegar, needles, burnt cork and other substances. This manifestation of Grapion's power and the devilry of the voodoo enemies of Forschler was conclusive evidence to the crowd, consisting almost altogether of white people. They haunted the store and the house of Forschler continually seeking further manifestations. Notwithstanding the assurances of Grapion that he would now get well, Forschler continued to sink, and finally died, to the last believing that he was the victim of voodoo machinations. This belief was shared by the hundreds who had followed the case with unabated interest. An autopsy was held on the dead man, and it was found that he had died of Bright's disease. The voodoo doctor Grapion is under arrest for malpractice.

THROUGH NIAGARA RAPIDS IN A KEG.

C. D. Graham, a young cooper of South Twentieth street, Philadelphia, has been in this city for the past two months making preparations to shoot the Niagara whirlpool rapids in a cask. It was in these rapids that Capt. Webb lost his life several years ago while attempting to swim them. Mr. Graham has built a cask almost the shape of an egg and seven feet high, the staves of which are of oak and 1½ inches thick. He will get into the inclosure through a manhole in the top, which will be fastened securely, air being secured by the opening of valves near the top at such times as it might be deemed necessary. He has decided to make his first attempt on Monday, July 8, and will be rowed down the river to a point near where Capt. Webb went into the water, when the barrel will be dropped overboard and allowed to float through the rapids, a distance of about a mile.

The force of the current and the danger of obstruction are not feared by Graham, who says that square blows from a sledge hammer on the side of the barrel will fall to break it, as it is guarded by iron hoops set about an inch apart. Graham has been at the falls every day since his arrival here, and says the rapids are not as dangerous as has been claimed. Six weeks ago he took a cask similar in build, but only 36 inches long, and weighting it with 550 pounds of sand dropped it from the old suspension bridge. It passed down the river quickly, and went through the whirlpool in 8 minutes. Graham says it never passed under water, and when taken out did not show a mark. On this account he is confident his project is feasible, and if stopped by the authorities from accomplishing his object in public, will do it in private. He is thirty-one years of age, well appearing, and tips the scale at 140 pounds.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

A corpse in a tree-top.

A family named Armstrong, consisting of husband, wife, two sons and one daughter, went up the Little Mountain Valley, Wyoming, last fall and settled there. They mysteriously disappeared in the last part of May, and not until now has any trace of them been found. A party of cowboys found the body of Mr. Armstrong in a canyon. The remains of Mr. Armstrong and his daughter were found some distance away, one in a tree-top and the other in high rocks. The boys have not been discovered. It is surmised that a sudden flood, caused by the melting of snow, swept away their house and the inmates, and the position of the bodies serves to confirm this belief.

Buried in the Ruins.

The Knisley & Miller galvanized iron works at Chicago were burned on Monday night. The loss was \$40,000. Lieut. C. M. Manning and Wm. Barry were, with others, near the rear wall of the alley, when a shout was raised that the wall was falling. Those who could do so got out of the way, but before Manning and his companions could escape the wall fell, tumbling completely over the lieutenant, but, fortunately, only breaking a few toes on Barry's right foot. It was not known that Manning had been injured, and no search was made for him. When he regained consciousness he found himself alone. He managed to crawl out from under the debris and hailed a marshal, who at once had him conveyed to an engine house, where he was cared for. His right shoulder and both legs were painfully torn by the bricks.

A Boy's Remarkable Nerve.

William Seigenthal, aged fourteen, arrived the other morning at Easton, Pa., with his right arm torn from the socket. He left his home on Friday last, secreted himself in the bottom of a coal car on the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad and remained there unobserved until the train had passed White Haven. He left it there and remained in that vicinity until Saturday afternoon, when he leaped on a train coming east. About three miles from White Haven he fell from the train and had the arm torn from his body by the wheels. After the train had passed the plucky boy picked up the mangled arm and walked to White Haven, where the injury was dressed. A citizen took charge of the boy and sent him to his home. Notwithstanding the terrible accident, the great loss of blood and the long walk, Seigenthal was in good spirits, and apparently in good condition when he arrived at the doctor's office, but later he died from exhaustion.

A Brave Girl's Thrilling Encounter.

Elizabeth Dugan is seventeen years old. She is the daughter of County Collector Dugan, of Jersey City, whose home is No. 342 Grove street. The other day she found a muscular young man in her brother's room, preparing to carry off some of the family property. She attacked him. He caught her by the throat, but she clung to him. He struck her many times in the face, but she held on bravely. He rushed down stairs, but she never released her grip on his collar. In the lower hall her screams brought Christian Borsing, a clerk in a neighboring store to her aid. The thief ran away. A young man who gave his name as Charles Norton and said he was a sailor from New Haven, was arrested. He said he was not the thief, but was coming to Miss Dugan's aid. He was locked up. Miss Dugan was protected by the excitement and the blows which the ruffian inflicted.

Struggle With a Madman.

There was a great sensation at the Union Depot, Fort Worth, Texas, the other night, just as the Missouri Pacific for St. Louis was pulling out. Jeff Riggie, a good citizen and efficient officer, has been in the employ of the Missouri Pacific and Texas and Pacific for years past as special officer at the depot. Some time in the morning he went into one of the rooms at the depot, and from his actions it was soon apparent that something was wrong with him. No one was permitted to enter the room. Riggie drawing his pistol and warning them to stay out. He acted very wildly, and as the neighborhood were warned of his condition it became greatly frightened. Death or serious injury awaited any one who dared enter the room, and on the other hand the many friends of the unfortunate man wanted to save him from doing injury to himself.

When the Missouri Pacific pulled in, Riggie left his room and boarded the train. The passengers, who had gone to supper, refused to re-enter the car, and those remaining in it were terror stricken.

A plan of action was quickly agreed on and Officers James Thompson, M. L. Rushing and Sebe Maddax, three very powerful men, entered the car, and after a desperate struggle secured Riggie. Some weeks ago Riggie was kicked in the side by a horse and three ribs were broken, and it is thought that caused his trouble and has temporarily upset his reason.

A Racing Row.

James Phillips, an owner, trainer, and assistant starter at the Brighton Beach race track, was stabbed in the barroom of Bader's Hotel, on the Boulevard, Coney Island, at an early hour the other morning by Gabe Caldwell, also an owner and trainer. About 2 o'clock Phillips, Caldwell, Hank Woodford and several other persons were drinking at the bar, when Caldwell, who was flush with whiskey, commenced to act for which Mr. George Bader, the proprietor, intervened. Hot words followed. Woodford and Phillips acted the part of peace-makers. Caldwell finally drew a self-cocking 44 calibre revolver, and advanced upon Bader, with the remark: "You have no business to growl with me." Phillips sprang between the men, and forced the revolver from Caldwell, while Bader ran behind the bar.

Woodford and Phillips then renewed their efforts to pacify Caldwell, who, gaining the use of one hand, drew another revolver, which also Phillips wrestled from him. Thinking the man now unarmed they released him.

Quick as a flash Caldwell drew a knife from his pocket, and crying, "Do you want to murder me?" sprang at Phillips. He cut Phillips' coat in several places. The last slash of the knife told on Phillips' right wrist. The gash extended to the palm of the hand. Phillips was taken to Dr. Chambers, who dressed the wound. He fainted three times during the operation. He was helped back to the hotel by friends. No arrests were made, as Phillips refused to make any complaint against his friend.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Mary Alice Almont Livingstone.

The complaint of Mary Alice Almont Livingstone, of this city, against Lawyer Henry R. Willis, was heard last week in the appropriate court. Miss Livingstone told the Commissioners of Charities and Correction that Mr. Willis was the father of her second child, a girl born last fall. Miss Livingstone's first child, four years old, is by law declared a Fleming. He was a babe when Miss Livingstone got a verdict of \$75,000 in Brooklyn, against Henry Fleming, the wealthy oil broker, whom she accused of betrayal under promise of marriage. The trial attracted a great deal of attention. Miss Livingstone was satisfied to receive \$25,000 from Mr. Fleming as payment in full. Before the money was paid Mr. Fleming's lawyer asked for a reopening of the case on a statement of a coachman employed by Miss Livingstone's family, who averred that he had been intimate with Miss Livingstone. The new evidence, however, was offered too late to be considered.

Miss Livingstone soon squandered her fortune in real estate speculation. She alleges that Lawyer Willis promised to marry her. Her lawyer said that he would not represent Miss Livingstone in this suit. She had told him a year ago, before the birth of her baby, of her intimate relations with Lawyer Willis, and a few weeks ago, at her request, he wrote a letter to Mr. Willis telling him that if her statement was true he ought to support the child, as Miss Livingstone was without means of her own. Mr. Milnor, Mr. Willis' law partner, called on him and said Willis was not able to support the child.

Mr. Milnor said that Mr. Willis had not yet been served with a warrant on Miss Livingstone's complaint. Her charge, he said, was without any foundation. Mr. Willis, he said, had made no overtures toward any settlement with Miss Livingstone, and had not been putting her off with promises or trying to keep her silent on account of his paying his addresses to another young woman. His defence would be a general denial.

A Prisoner in Irons.

Indignant residents from Green and Seventh streets Louisville, Ky., informed the police the other day that Burt Wilkerson, proprietor of a notorious negro restaurant, had a white woman locked in a room back of his eating house, and was in the habit of abusing her. They objected to his treatment of the poor woman, and requested that the police aid in rescuing her.

An officer was detailed to investigate the charge against Wilkerson, and when he went to the restaurant the proprietor admitted that the woman was there, but claimed that he was acting as he was paid to do by the woman's relatives. He took the policeman to the room where the woman was imprisoned and opened the door. A young woman with a pretty face, swollen and discolored by drink, was crouched on the floor in a strained position, with her right wrist and left ankle joined together by a heavy, old-fashioned pair of handcuffs.

She seemed in great pain and begged piteously for the policeman to release her. This was at once ordered done, and Wilkerson sullenly unlocked the handcuffs and set the woman free.

Her name is Nora O'Brien, and she is the sister of two reputable young business men of this city. Her chief fault is said to be an insane love for liquor, and her dissipated habits have almost driven her mad. Her brothers have made several ineffectual efforts to reform her, and as a last resource requested that Wilkerson take care of her. They were not aware that he went to such extremes as to put the unfortunate in irons, however, until the policeman informed them.

The neighbors of the restaurant keeper charge that he at first bound the woman with ropes in his back yard, and that he tied a rope about her throat in such a way as to choke her if she attempted to get away. He was forced to release her from this position, and then carried her into a room.

The miserable woman was taken to a Catholic institution, on Twelfth street, and will be kept there.

Mrs. Dorsey Convicted.

The trial of Mr. and Mrs. Allen W. Dorsey for the murder of Benjamin J. Burton was interrupted by a very sensational incident. Soon after the court was open W. P. Sheffield, senior counsel for the defense, arose and said that in consequence of certain developments which had been made since the court adjourned, he would withdraw from the case, and he immediately left the Court House. The cause of Mr. Sheffield's withdrawal was soon made known. After the examination of several witnesses Rev. Mahlon Van Horne, pastor of the church which the Burton family attended, was called to the stand and testified to the effect that Mrs. Dorsey went for him and made a full confession, confirming all that had been confessed by her sister Emily, who was sentenced a few months ago to State Prison for life.

A painful scene followed. The clergyman swore that Mrs. Dorsey told him that she did not wish to escape, for she was guilty and was anxious to return to State Prison. Her father was a good man and it was impossible for her ever to atone for her participation in the crime. She had prayed for help and God had given it to her. She had denied her guilt up to this time in order to shield her husband. She told the witness that her father had always been kind to her. She and her husband talked over the proposed act and they arranged to kill him at night, but afterward changed their minds and decided to kill him in the morning, when he came to his breakfast. Her sister kept watch from an upper window for her father, and when she saw him coming she told Dorsey, who replied:

"Well, I will do it now."

Dorsey was alone when he did the shooting. Her father's pistol, which he kept in his (her father's) room, was used and had been in their possession several days. She left the house while the act was being committed, and Emily went to her room. When she entered the door upon her return she was met by Emily, who said: "He has done it." She went into the kitchen and saw her father lying on the floor by the side of the breakfast table. She placed her face against her father's and was in hopes that he was alive, as she already regretted the deed. Dorsey felt his pulse and said that he was nearly dead. He proposed to fire another shot, but she would not let him do it.

Emily Burton was placed upon the stand again and repeated the principal portions of her original confession, which sent her to prison during her natural life. Her guilt was made even more apparent than it was before. She was acquainted with all the details of the diabolical plot for weeks before it was carried out and yet she allowed her father, who, she said, had always been kind to her, to go to his death. Other testimony was introduced, but it was insignificant compared with the unexpected developments mentioned.



In the toils.

The junior counsel for the prisoners, Colonel W. P. Sheffield, son of the senior counsel, who withdrew in such a summary manner, announced that he no longer represented Mrs. Dorsey, but would stand by her husband. Colonel Sheffield, however, decided not to put in any defense and he allowed the case to go to the jury, who retired at 3:30 and at a late hour returned with a verdict of murder in the first degree, but recommended Mrs. Dorsey to the mercy of the Court.

THE BULL AVENGED THE CALF.

Bruin Was in the Midst of His Dinner, but He Didn't Live to Finish It.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Harry Stever, the twelve-year-old son of Farmer Delos Stever, of Tobyhanna, Pa., was sent after the cows last Monday about sundown. When he reached the pasture he saw the cattle, with their heads and tails up, and bellowing as though they were in great distress about something. Farmer Stever hurried toward the spot, yelling "Harry!" with all his might. "Here I be, pa, up in this ere tree. A bear's killin' one o' the calves, and I had to git up here out o' the way," said Harry, from his safe perch among the limbs of a small maple tree.

A big bear had come into the field, seized a small calf and crushed it to death just as Harry was about to start the cattle for home. The lad climbed up the tree, and the cows began to bellow. When Farmer Stever rushed in among the noisy herd the bear was eating the calf as fast as he could. Farmer Stever excitedly sprang forward and kicked the bear in the side. He regretted it a second later, for the hungry animal turned upon him and nearly broke one of his arms with a blow from one of his big paws. The farmer



Tying her up.

Immediately took to his heels, and, after growling savagely at the farmer, the bear returned to his meal.

In a lot adjoining the cow pasture Farmer Stever kept a ferocious five year old bull away from the rest of the herd. The bull was pawing up the earth and bellowing like a wild beast when the farmer ran away from the bear. Every now and then the bull tried to get over the fence. He tried to lift the top rails off with his horns, but heavy stones had been placed on them to keep the wind from blowing the rails away,



Urged to confess.

and the bull was unable to move them. Farmer Stever was trying to think what to do, when Harry yelled from the tree:

"Pa! Go'n' let the ol' bull out an' see 'f he won't go fur the bear."

The lad's suggestion struck the farmer favorably, and he instantly ran over to the fence, threw off the stone and tore off the top rails. The bull leaped into the pasture, and, still bellowing with rage, ran toward the noisy herd, with his tail in the air and his head lowered. The cows separated as he plunged forward, and gave him a chance to get at the bear. The moment the bull got a glimpse of the big black animal he seemed to become wild with fury. With a terrific roar he rushed at the bear, struck him squarely in the right side with both of his horns, and knocked him three or four feet away from the carcass of the calf.

The bear was partially stunned by the blow, but he staggered to his feet and growled with pain just as the bull came up to hook him again. The bear undertook to defend himself, but the bull gave him another tremendous thump in the ribs, making the blood run. Then the bear tried to run away from his unexpected and very powerful antagonist, but the bull followed him up and gored him till he moaned piteously. Harry up in the tree had lots of fun over the encounter, and lustily applauded the bull. A minute later the bull got the bear down and soon gored him to death. Then Harry came down from his roost, and he and his father put the bull back in the enclosure and drove the cows home.

FIGHTING WOMEN.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Surveyor Tinnin and Consul Bee were standing on the wharf near the gang plank of the steamer Oceanic, at San Francisco, Cal., just previous to the departure of that vessel to the Orient, when they were startled by a woman's voice exclaiming:

"Oh, you deceitful wretch! I'll tear you to pieces."

Mr. Tinnin's official equanimity was considerably disturbed, and as he turned to learn the cause of the



Waiting for the victim.

outrage he perceived about six women on the dock, every one of whom was dressed most respectably, and even richly. The view also disclosed an unpoetical side to the picture, for two of the party were engaged in what seemed to be a fistful encounter. Hair, hat and feathers were torn off, dresses were ripped, and the battle raged fiercely. The female friends who had accompanied the Amazons used all their endeavors to separate the pair, but all to no effect. The venerable Officer Griffiths attempted to stay the female wrath, but came near being a target for the blows of the infuriated women. The Custom House Inspectors finally mustered in force, however, and put a stop to the amateur slugging match.

From what could be learned the cause of the burst of muscular feeling was as follows: The daughter of a merchant of this city was betrothed to a young man in Yokohama, but her parents were opposed to the union. The would-be bride, however, was determined that she would pledge her troth to her lover in the morning land. Going to a friend of the family, she told her woeful story, and a tender heart led the lady to whom appeal was made to pay the maiden's passage to Japan and fit her out for the journey. The fact of this benefaction reached the ears of the stern parents, but too late to prevent their offspring from making her journey. The mother, however, assumed her best Sunday expression and went down to see her daughter off, met the latter's benefactress and the scene occurred which was narrated. As the steamer left the wharf the cause of the imbroglio appeared on the deck and gently waved her handkerchief to her disconsolate mother and her disarranged friend.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, A VALUABLE REMEDY FOR GRAVEL.

Dr. T. H. NEWLAND, Jr., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in diseases of the urinary organs, such as gravel, and particularly spermatorrhoea, with very good results, and think it a very valuable remedy in those diseases."

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



John Shanley is best known to the public as the discoverer of the great Jack Dempsey. He has a wonderful eye for picking out a game youngster in the manly art. Brother Shanley is one of the most popular sporting men in the eastern part of Brooklyn, where he is held in the highest esteem for fair dealings in all sporting matters.

Charles McKenzie.

This week we publish an excellent portrait of Mr. Charles McKenzie, the popular originator of the "Police Gazette" pool tournament at Boston, Mass.

Jack King.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Jack King, the well-known pugilist, who has figured in numerous battles throughout the West. He makes Pittsburgh his headquarters, and is always ready to meet any pugilist in his class.

George Smith.

This dashing young gentleman, it is alleged, left several young and pretty maidens to mourn his sudden departure from Chatham, Ont., where he was the manager of the Parliam Laundry and quite well known in society. It is alleged also that his former employers would like to see him on some personal matter.

"Buffalo" Costello.

The portrait of Buffalo Costello will be recognized by all patrons of boxing on the Pacific coast. Costello was brought out by Harry Maynard, the well-known sporting man of San Francisco. Costello has won numerous battles since he left New York and invaded the Golden Gate, and he now stands ready to meet any middle weight in America, barring Jack Dempsey.

Charles L. Davis.

Charles Davis is the well-known Alvin Joslyn of the stage. He has been noted for many years for his very large diamonds. Mr. Davis has recently become notorious as the defendant of a suit brought by a young fair-haired girl who sang in the chorus in "The Merry War," and claims to be the rightful and only Mrs. Davis. Her rather spicy statement has been extensively published in the daily papers.

Jake Gaudaur.

The portrait of Jake Gaudaur, of St. Louis, formerly of Canada, will be looked upon with pride by all lovers of aquatics. He has raised himself by his courage and energy to the highest rung on the aquatic ladder. He has not only beat John Teemer, the champion oarsman, in a race for the single-scull championship of America, but repeated the performance, and made the fastest time for three miles and a turn ever made in a shell in the world. Gaudaur can be matched against any man in the world to row three miles for \$2,500 or \$5,000 by John A. St. John, of St. Louis, Mo.

Carlo Benedetti.

One of the wonders of the nineteenth century is Signor Carlo Benedetti, the proprietor of the Tivoli, 18 West street, Paterson, N. J.

He has created a sensation on this continent and Europe by his wonderful feats of swallowing bayonets, swords, canes and muskets. The easy and expert way he manages to make sword blades, bayonets and walking sticks slide down his gullet is calculated to make any one's flesh creep. Carlo Benedetti astonished the crowned heads of Europe by his wonderful feats, and the surgeons and physicians of St. Thomas' Hospital, England, were puzzled at his daring feats and pronounced him a wonder of wonders. It is well worth the journey to Paterson to see Benedetti accomplish his feats.

J. W. Golding.

The quiet city of Grant, Mo., was in an uproar last week over the conduct of J. W. Golding, constable of the township, who suddenly disappeared on Wednesday night. About the middle of May, 1886, he was married to a Miss Swift, daughter of one of our best farmers, and after living with her some five weeks it is said he told her "that she had his hand, but another girl had his heart." As a result there was a separation. The general feeling among citizens was either to lynch him or treat him to a dose of tar and feathers, and he having heard of it "silently stole away at midnight's unholy hour."

It is rumored that the woman who "had his heart" left town ahead of him, for she has not been seen since. Golding was a barber and had a fair trade. He was arrested last winter for embezzlement, but the indictment was quashed for some defect, and he was never reindicted. He is a man about thirty-four years old, height 5 feet 9 inches, black hair, mustache and sideburns. Pull him along for the public good.



N. S. WOOD,

THE BRIGHT AND POPULAR ARTIST WHO USED TO BE CALLED THE BOY ACTOR.

Preller's Employer.

Mr. J. H. Dixon, of Bradford, England, in whose interests C. A. Preller was traveling at the time of the Southern Hotel murder, arrived in St. Louis the other morning. Mr. Dixon made a call on Circuit Attorney Clover at the Four Courts and introduced himself, after which he was given the details of the recent trial and conviction of Maxwell. "I don't wish to say much for publication," said he, "but I will say that the charges against the moral character of Mr. Preller are vile calumnies. He was a most

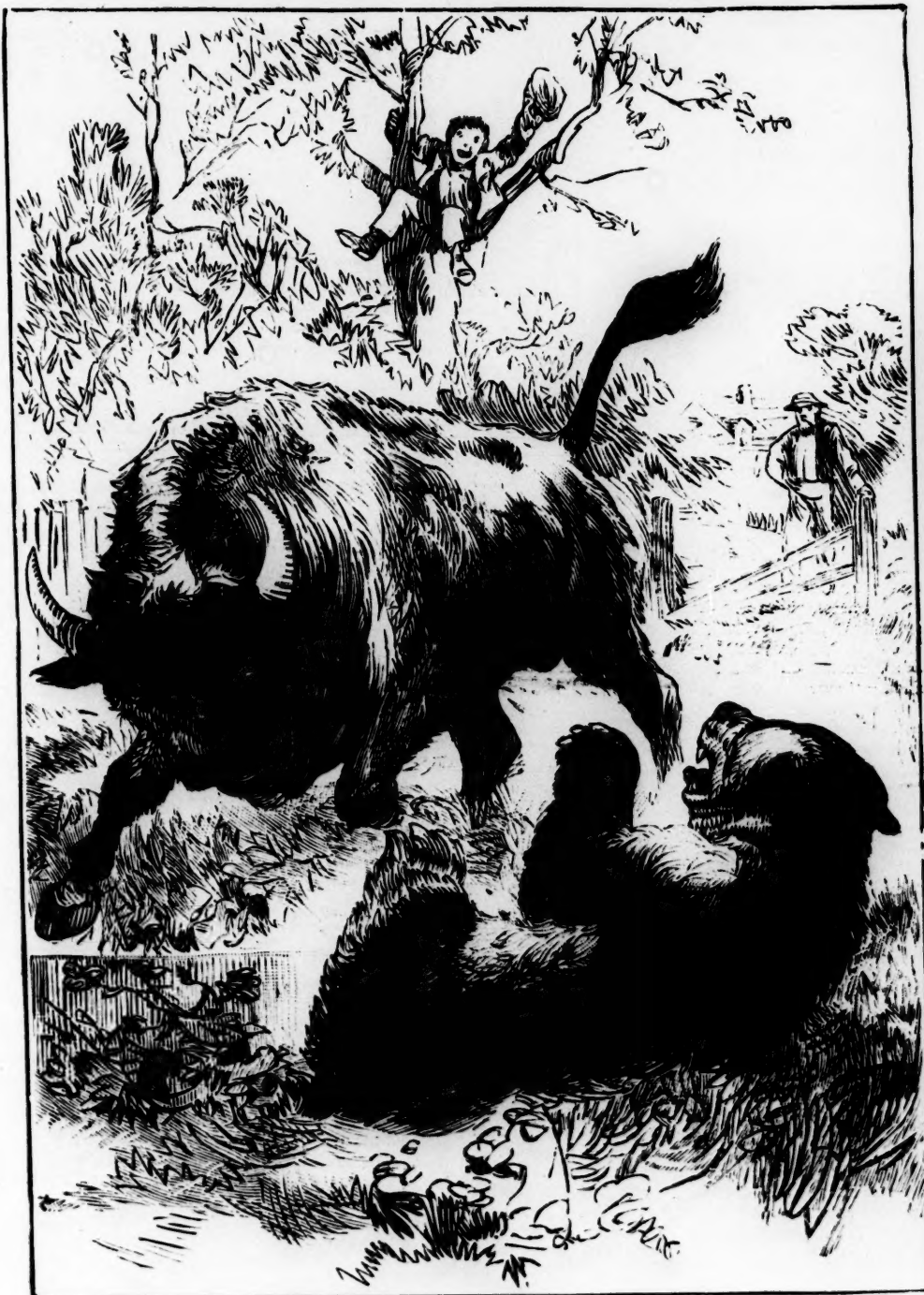
exemplary young man and I engaged him to travel, not because he knew the fine points of the business, but because he was a man of such charming address and so thoroughly upright. He always made these trips for me to the United States, and I invariably found him an honest, conscientious young man."

When asked how much money Mr. Preller had with him at the time of the murder he said: "I think he had about £200. A short time before he arrived in St. Louis he remitted me £200, and I am under the impression that Maxwell believed Mr. Preller had this money also."



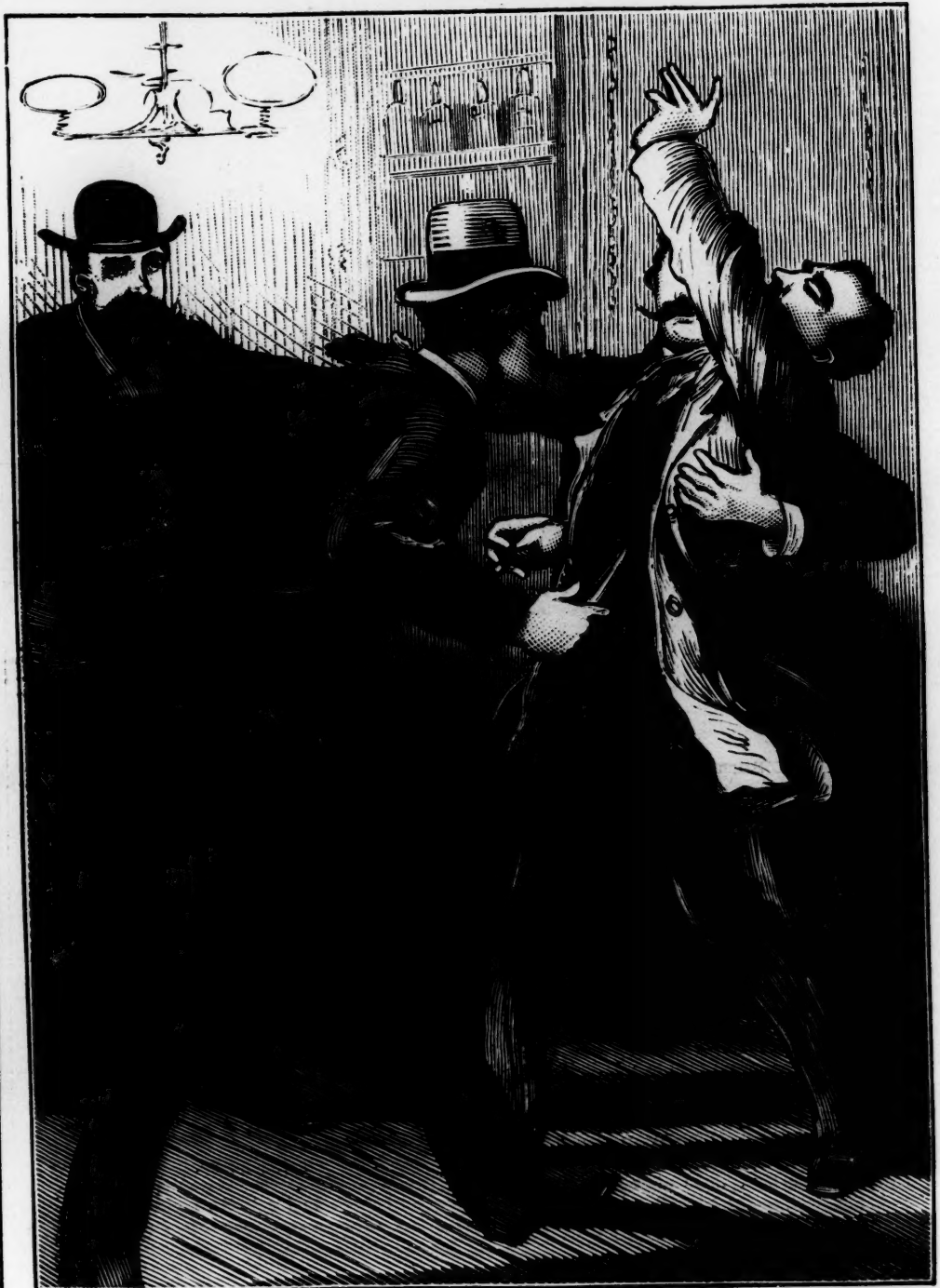
LAURA BURT,

THE CLEVER LITTLE FAVORITE SOUBRETTE OF THE VARIETY STAGE.



BULL VS. BEAR.

THE EXCITING BATTLE WHICH TOOK PLACE IN A PASTURE AT TOBYHANNA, NEAR SCRANTON, PA.



A RACING ROW.

JAMES PHILLIPS, THE BRIGHTON BEACH HORSE-EXPERT, IS STABBED IN A DRUNKEN FRACAS.



CARRIED OFF BY GYPSIES.

A LITTLE CHILD GAGGED AND KEPT PRISONER IN A WAGON BY A PARTY OF TRAMPS AT BLOOMFIELD, N. J.



A BRAVE GIRL'S BATTLE.

MISS ELIZABETH DUGAN OF JERSEY CITY HAS A DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH A BURGLAR.



MICHAELI MEZZI,

COMMONLY KNOWN AS MIKE METZ, SLAYER OF HIS COUSIN ROCEO COSIDENTE, MORGANTOWN, PA.



J. W. GOLDING,

THE NEWLY-MARRIED BARBER WHO SKIPPED WITH ANOTHER GIRL, GRANT CITY, MO.



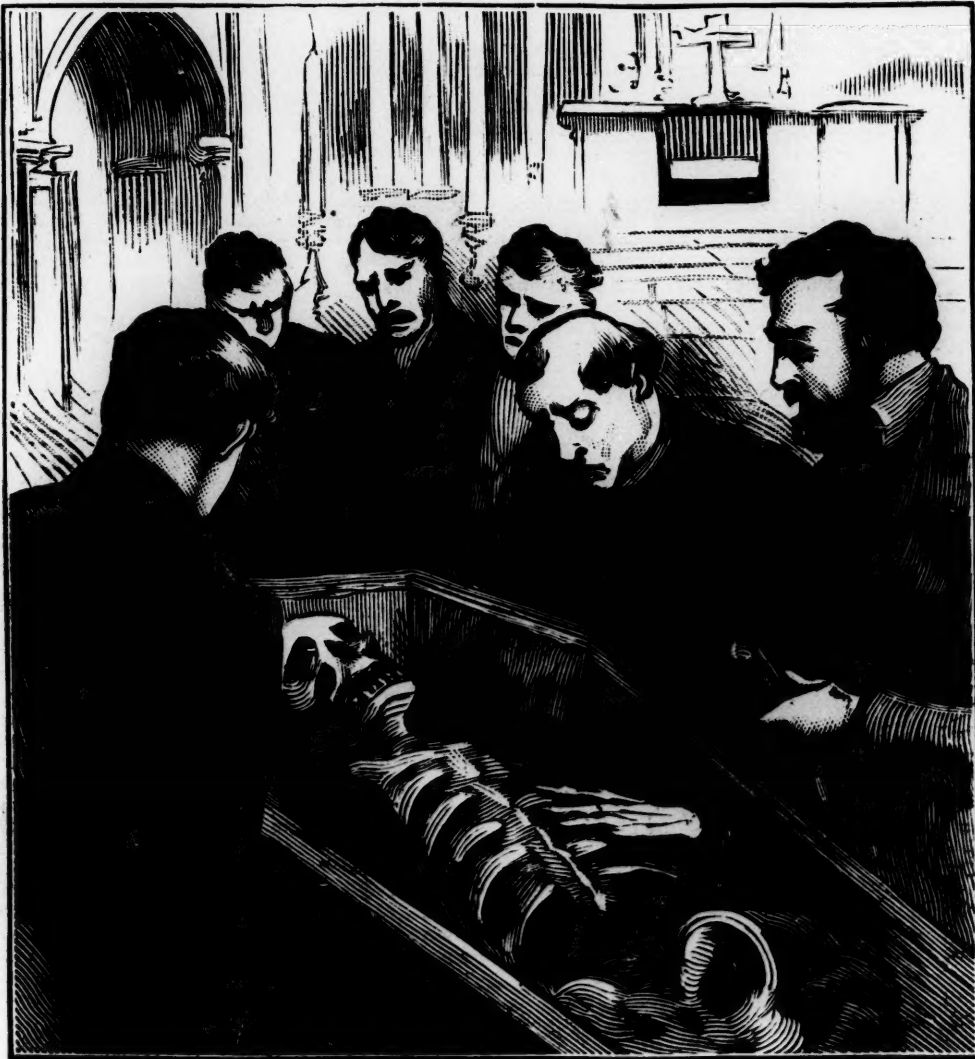
CHARLES L. DAVIS,

WHO IS A DEFENDANT IN A SUIT BROUGHT BY A PRETTY YOUNG BLONDE.



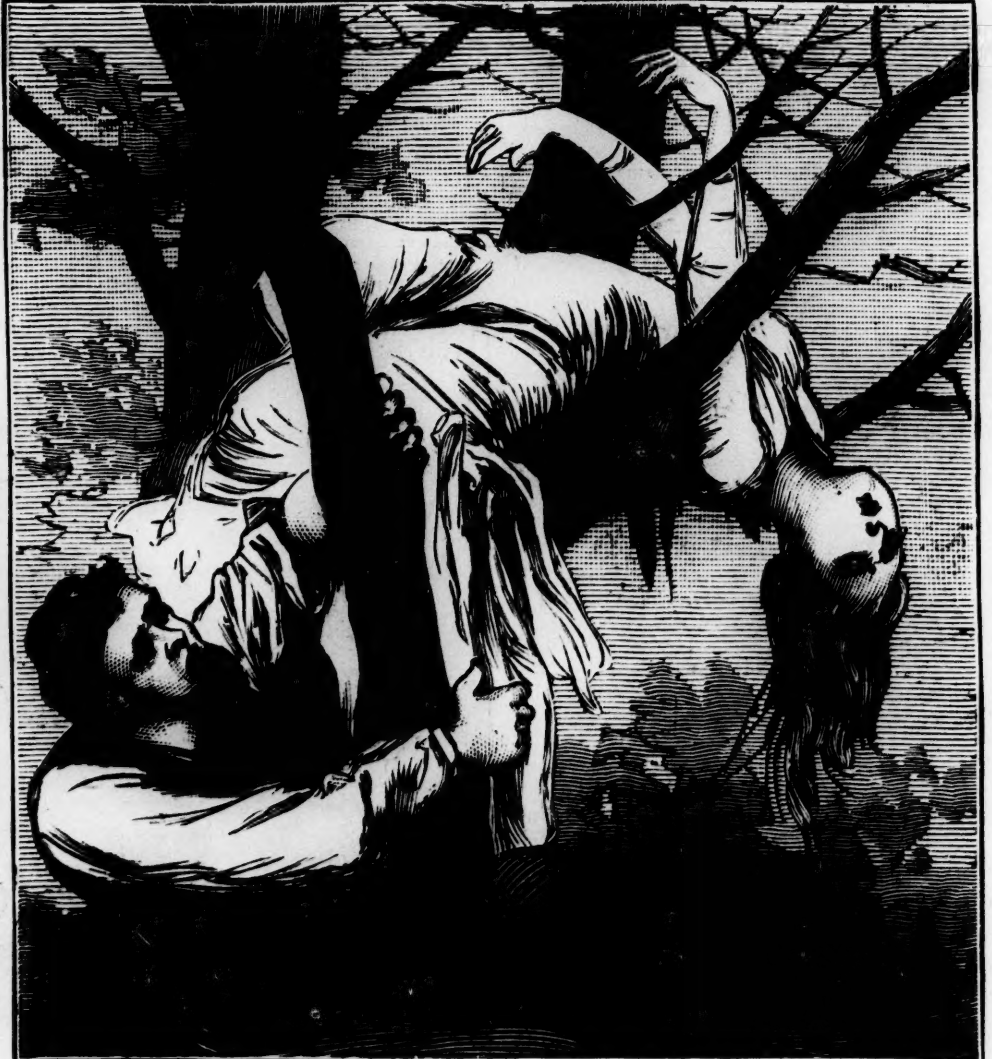
GEORGE SMITH,

THE MASHING LAUNDRY MANAGER WHO LEFT CHATHAM, ONT., RATHER SUDDENLY.



RANK SACRILEGE.

A DETROIT LAWYER STEALS A FINGER FROM THE SKELETON HAND OF A DEAD PRIEST.



A CORPSE IN A TREE TOP.

THE BODY OF MISS ARMSTRONG IS FOUND AFTER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HER FAMILY IN CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

ROYAL CASH.

Some of It Gets Into the Hands
of the Blakeney Family, of
Orangeburg, N. Y.

A BRAVE BULL DOG.

He Protects His Mistress' Honor at the
Cost of His Life.

Elliott H. Blakeney was formally committed on the 1st inst. for wounding William Conklin with an iron bar during a quarrel between their fathers, about the depredations of the elder Blakeney's cows upon his neighbor's acres. It was feared at first that young Conklin would die, but it is now believed he will recover. There is a romance between the two families.

It is the old story of Verona and the Montagues and Capulets. Young Blakeney loved Jennie Conklin, but the elders of both frowned on their affection, and now the lover has raised his hand against her brother. The Blakeney and Conklin are the two storekeepers of the village of Orangeburg, N. Y.; their houses face each other, and there is a good deal of business rivalry between them.

The Blakeney is said to be very wealthy. They were the heirs of the notorious Mme. Musard, the



At Barnum's.

favorite of the king of Holland. When she died most of her immense fortune came to her brother, William Blakeney. The life of this woman is full of interest. She was born in New York city nearly fifty years ago, in a tenement on the east side. Her father was an illiterate stone mason, and Eliza Blakeney grew up like him. But she was very beautiful, and like the maid in the song her face was her fortune. In the early part of the '50's she was one day witnessing a performance at Barnum's Museum, when she attracted the attention of a young broker named Walcott, who was living the life of a man about town. It did not require much art to persuade the young woman to renounce her parents and take up her abode with him in a handsomely furnished house near Union Square.

The ignorant girl fast developed a fondness for extravagant display, and the demands she made on her lover's purse were enormous. He lavished money and jewels upon her in the greatest profusion, and the girl cried for more. The father of the spendthrift, a Chicago millionaire, suspected that all was not right and announced his speedy arrival in New York. In a few days young Walcott left for the West.

The girl had been his victim; now it was her turn to ensnare. James Robinson, a youth of twenty summers, the son of a wealthy father, supported her in good



Ensnaring the Countryman.

style. The report of this amour reached the ears of young Robinson's mother, and a separation was brought about, but not before the boy had made her his wife. The young husband then bade his wife farewell and sailed for Europe. That was the last she ever saw of him.

M. Musard, whose father was the well-known Neapolitan ballet-master, was about this time the leader of the orchestra at the Academy of Music. He had been attracted by the girl's face when he first saw her in the crowded opera house. He set detectives on her track to draw her to his side. They easily found her out, but young Walcott, who had returned from the West again, had resumed his protection and Musard's offer of marriage was refused. When, after a few months, she had tired of her first lover, she remem-



A lesson in music.

bered the generous offer of Musard and followed him to Paris. At the French capital Musard saw her again at the Jardin Mabille and again was captivated. The next day she became a wife for the second time. A shrewd, gifted woman she was, too, and under her husband's tutelage she learned her letters. From him she took her first lessons in music and the languages and became a brilliant, accomplished woman, the rival of Lola Montez and Cora Pearl.

She lived with Musard till her death. She was his wife in the hotel at Paris and the King's mistress in The Hague. She had met His Majesty by a preconcerted plan, at Baden-Baden, whither he had gone to recuperate and forget the charms of Fanny Elssler. The impresario began to see money in the face of his young bride, and she was only too willing to use him as a shield for her machinations. Together they set out for Baden-Baden. The King's chamberlain was easily pressed into the services of *monseigneur et madame*,



Dampening his ardor.

and in an apparently unguarded moment the eyes of the royal rascal fell on her charms. Messengers were sent out to procure her presence, which was quickly followed by an invitation to the palace. From that moment began the notorious *liaison* about which all Europe was ringing twenty years ago.

With sedulous attention madame began the study of Dutch, so that she could beguile the tedium of her lover's evenings in his own language. But her visits to His Majesty were always of short duration, for she

lived on, the wonderment of *tout-Paris*. She supported regal apartments at the French capital, and princes, financiers and statesmen flocked to her *salon*. She devoted herself to politics and played an important part in the Luxembourg difficulties of 1868. It was probably due to her influence on this occasion that the absorption of Holland by the German Emperor was averted, war being declared between the latter's country and France. She was thus able to repay her royal lover for past favors.

The tickle King tired of her and a paralysis destroyed the great beauty of which she was so proud. She lost the sight of an eye while driving one day in the forests of Fontainebleau, and her daughter, the King's daughter, whom Parisians remember as the fair-haired girl who used to sit in her mother's carriage by her side, died in her teens. She was too keen a woman, too, not to appreciate the falseness of her position. So there was not much left in life for her. A fate worse than death was in store for her. In the prime of womanhood she died, eight years ago, in a mad house on the outskirts of the gay city.

Baffled by a Bulldog.

The farmers of Plumsack, Sussex county, N. J., are scouring the surrounding country in search of a tramp who brutally assaulted Mrs. Whalen Green on Saturday last. Plumsack is a hamlet in the Sussex county mountains near Deckertown. There are only a few houses in the place, and they are occupied by farmers. Early on Saturday morning, just after the men had left for the fields, a tall swarthy tramp, clad in rags, approached the residence of Wesley Gould and knocked for admittance. Mrs. Gould is a powerfully built



The bulldog to the rescue.

young woman, brave and determined. She opened the door, and the tramp peremptorily demanded something to eat. He stepped within the doorway, but Mrs. Gould slammed the door in his face and sent him sprawling on the stoop. Infuriated at this sudden attack the fellow kicked in one of the panels of the door. Mrs. Gould seized a kettle of hot water and rushed up stairs. From a second story window she emptied the contents of the kettle on the tramp and scalded him severely.

Cursing and swearing, the fellow left the place and walked through the village until he reached the suburbs where the cottage of Whalen Green stands. Green was absent in the fields, and his wife, a delicate little woman, was alone. The tramp knocked at the door and demanded food. Mrs. Green was too much frightened when the fellow walked in to offer any resistance. As soon as he was inside the house the tramp slammed the door and locked it.

"Open the door," cried Mrs. Green almost fainting with fear and excitement.

The fellow walked toward her and made an insulting remark. "Help! Help!" screamed the thoroughly terrified woman.

With an oath the tramp seized her by the throat and threw her violently to the floor. Her head struck an iron weight used to keep the door open, and a deep scalp wound was made.

But the woman continued to scream until the tramp almost strangled her. She was almost choked, when a large bulldog, owned by her husband, bounded through an open window and sprang at the rascal. The fellow did not release his hold on Mrs. Green, but struck at the dog with one hand. The animal attacked him savagely and seized him by the calf of the leg. The animal was beaten back, but it sprang at the tramp with redoubled fury. Mrs. Green fainted away, and when she came to her husband was standing over her. The dead dog lay in the middle of the room and the furniture was smashed and broken. Everything



Farmer Green's discovery.

was too shrewd a woman to allow familiarity to beget contempt. It was he who covered her with gifts of jewels and threw papers into her lap one day—because she was an American, he said—which were deeds for apparently worthless lands in Pennsylvania, but which were to become of great value to her. So she

bore evidence of a terrible struggle. The dog was brained with a heavy piece of cord wood.

When Green heard what had happened he secured his gun and alarmed the neighbors. A trail of blood was discovered leading toward Lake Shippon, a distance of two miles. On the way several farmers

were met who had passed a tramp who was terribly lacerated and bleeding. His clothing was literally torn from his body, they said, and he had a handkerchief stained with blood bound around his neck. They offered to give him assistance, but he refused, saying



Going down hill.

he wanted to hurry on and meet some friends. He was bleeding from a terrible wound in his leg.

The party followed the trail to the edge of the small lake, and there lost all track of the fugitive. Since that time every tramp who walks along the road is stopped and questioned. Mrs. Green's wounds are not dangerous, but she is prostrated by the nervous shock. The noble dog was buried in front of the house, and it is probable that the villagers will mark the grave with a marble slab.

Naughty, but Pretty Nellie Babcock.

Six months ago handsome and accomplished Mrs. Nellie Babcock was committed to the House of the Good Shepherd in Brooklyn on a charge of vagrancy, and at the expiration of her term the other day she left the institution and took up her residence with friends who kindly provided a home for her. Philanthropist James A. Neary, of Jay street, who is never weary in well-doing, took a deep interest in the unfortunate woman, and it was mainly through his exertions that a refuge was provided for her.

Mrs. Babcock's history is peculiar, and, indeed, almost unique. She was a daughter of highly respectable parents, who trained her in the way she should go, as they saw it, but her natural bent was towards looseness of living, and the domestic rule becoming burdensome, she took advantage of a favorable opportunity and left home. Her downward course was rapid. From the commoner indiscretions she drifted into more serious derelictions, and made the acquaintance of the police on several occasions. At length the reward that commonly accompanies and generally rounds off such a life came to her, and she was sent to the penitentiary. In the meantime she had married a man who was known to have a fondness for the seamy side of life, and the pair got into trouble several times. Apart from the little mania for helping herself to other people's property, Mrs. Babcock was also known to be lax in her marital relations, and she confessed that while in the penitentiary she had been visited by a man with whom she became unduly intimate. This reflection on the character of the county's correctional institution was assailed by those in au-



Off the Ferry Boat.

thority there, but never disproved. When she got out of the penitentiary Mrs. Babcock found herself friendless and destitute. In a moment of desperation she attempted suicide by throwing herself off a Fulton ferryboat, but she was picked up before she could carry her desire into execution. She was brought before Justice Walsh on a charge of vagrancy the next day and disposed of as above recorded. It is understood that the friends who have taken her to their home will endeavor to provide her with honest employment.

GLOVES AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Conover, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Denice, who keeps a boarding house at No. 55 Orange street, adjoining Mr. Beecher's church, Brooklyn, celebrated her twenty-first birthday the other night by a party. There were several of the gentlemen boarders present, and as there were no musicians in the party the young men engaged a travelling organ grinder to enliven the proceedings. The young men then engaged in conversation about their merits in the art of self-defence. The result was that a set of boxing gloves were produced, and they went to work in earnest, much to the disgust of the landlady. As the window curtains were up the residents on the opposite side of the street had a splendid view of the "set to." When Mrs. Denice and her daughter discovered that the neighbors were taking a lively interest in the proceedings, the curtains were pulled down and the young men were taken to task by the landlady. The combatants shook hands and wished the hostess many happy birthdays, and then departed to their bedrooms, where it is presumed the gloves were again put on.

BOTH SIDES.

The All Engrossing Chinese
Question Illustrated in
Two Phases.

PICTURES FROM LIFE.

Is it Safe to Let American Women
Tackle the Job of Saving a Mon-
golian Sinner's Soul?

[With Portraits and Illustration.]

This week we publish two full page illustrations, each of which is eloquent with a significance which, so it strikes us, no full-blooded American can afford to disregard.

The first picture represents a group of women. It is a group photographed from life, as is plainly seen. They are all young women, the eldest apparently not exceeding their teens. Most of them are still comely to look upon, and, at one time, all of them must have been fresh and prepossessing young girls.

As they appear in the photograph, one distinct expression characterizes the faces of all of them. It is a look of reckless, almost satanic dissipation. One of them carries a child upon her knee. Perhaps it is the sense of motherhood which has softened her features and toned down the general stare of contemptuous, brazen-faced effrontery.

Another girl, shockheaded, hard-faced and ill-dressed, defiantly holds out the "growler," a glass beer-jug, which has evidently been well worked by the entire party.

Two or three of the girls look simple and stupid rather than openly vicious. But two others are of the well-known street type which always looms up in every case of murder or robbery on the East Side.

All these young white American women are the wives and mistresses of Chinamen living on all street, amid the fumes of the opium dens which thrive and prosper there. They are young white American women who might have been decent wives and mothers of white Americans had it not been for the fact of their having been seduced with impunity by the lecherous wretches who live that quarter.

Suppose that a like picture of the white American wives and mistresses of black American negroes were possible? Suppose that it could be taken and published in this paper? Suppose we could bring American white men face to face with the fact that black American negroes were boastfully seducing their white American sisters and openly keeping them in miscegenative prostitution in a certain street of New York, only identified and named?

Way, in twelve hours afterward there wouldn't be one stone or brick of that neighborhood left atop of another.

Our other picture represents a different scene, which was fully described in the New York Herald. It represents an incident of the recent picnic to which five hundred Chinamen in New York invited the young American white women who make believe to convert them to Christianity in their Sunday Schools. It shows a party of Chinamen out in a row-boat with an equal number of young white American girls. Jokes of an innocently practical character are being exchanged between them. All are enjoying themselves just as much as if they were all Americans or all Chinese. Neither element seems to recognize its difference so far as morality or physically, from the other. To look at them no one would ever believe that the yellow heathens were men, with men's appetites, men's passions, men's lust; that the girls are young, pretty and attractive—girls, in short, such as stir up in white men's bosoms thoughts and aspirations which, we are solemnly assured, find no room in the breasts of Chinamen.

And yet, and yet—that picture of the girls of Pell street, the hardened, blotched and defiant girls of Pell street who were themselves once young and pretty until they fell in the way of Chinamen (some of them christianized Chinamen, too), does it teach no lesson and point no moral?

Well, rather. No wonder the Eastsiders who, knowing of the cancer that slowly and insidiously eats into their midst, gathered to see that excursion disembark, hissed and showed other signs of national disgust. For they had seen and know by heart both pictures—the gay "innocence" of the Sunday school picnic and the unspeakable vices of the opium joint—just as we print them.

N. S. WOOD, THE BOY ACTOR.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. N. S. Wood, the young actor whom Manager F. B. Murtha has induced to appear at the Windsor theatre on Monday evening, July 19, in his noted role of Jack Sheppard, is but twenty-three years of age, although he has probably had as extensive a stage experience as half the members of the profession who are twice his age.

In an interview recently in the Chicago Sunday Tribune he thus speaks of his experience when asked when he first appeared. He said:

"When I was ten years of age, as the page to Romeo, in 'Romeo and Juliet.' When I got my cue I was so overcome with stage fright that I could not speak a word. When I made my exit I wept bitterly, but the manager encouraged me with kind words and added that I would do better next time. I then assumed several small parts and was frequently called upon to take part in church and school exhibitions, delivering recitations, etc.

"When thirteen years old, a gentleman in New York, who had heard me recite recitations from 'Hamlet,' asked me if I could not play the role of Hamlet. With a boy's assurance I told him that I could. Preparations for the event were commenced at once, and I had only two days to study the part, but I was letter-perfect on the night of the performance, and spoke the 1,300 lines without an error. I

didn't know how well I had presented the part, but the people pronounced me a prodigy."

"What did you appear in next?" was asked.

"In the 'Boy Detective,' at the Old Bowers theatre, which was quite a hit. I followed that with 'Poor Joe.' When about sixteen years old I repeated 'Hamlet' at Booth's theatre, immediately after Edwin Booth had played the same character. Business was very large, but the papers denounced the performance.

"Since then up to the present time I have filled engagements in all the principal cities of the United States and Canada, meeting with varying success, sometimes being very fortunate and then again meeting with reverses, but on the whole I think that I have been quite successful, and have but little reason to complain. Altogether my twenty-three years of life have been busy and interesting."

A DRUNKEN AMAZON.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Nora Hill, a saddle-colored and immense nymph from the levee, created a very lively consternation in a miscellaneous crowd on the lake front at Chicago the other day. Nora had spent the morning on the government pier, and when she stepped from a boat at the foot of Van Buren street was carrying about all of Black Jack's liquid dynamite that she could hold and maintain her perpendicular. She was dressed in the conspicuously gaudy style popular with the dusky belles of Fourth avenue, and as she left the dock was the subject of divers sarcastic remarks by persons there assembled.

Nora was in no mood for trifling, so she whipped out a razor and started through the crowd slashing to the right and left without any regard whatever for consequences. The crowd scattered in all directions and escaped injury, with the exception of Frederick Strand and his wife, of No. 52½ Law avenue, who stood in the frate Amazon's way, and not having cast jibes at her did not feel that they had anything to fear. Their security was only fancied, however, for Nora made a dash at Mrs. Strand, drawing the keen weapon across her left breast and arm and again over the right arm and shoulder, inflicting wounds which were neither deep nor dangerous, but which bled freely and caused the lady to faint away. The drunken negress then turned her attention to Strand, cutting him across the back just under the right shoulder. Having accomplished this bloody work the murderous hag threw the razor into the lake and fled across the park and along Harrison street, followed by a mob of at least one thousand persons, who were clamorous for her life, and threatened to string her up to a lamp-post. She kept well in the lead, however, and would, no doubt, have escaped had she not turned into an alley and run into the arms of Officer Manning, who arrested her.

She was locked up at the armory on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to do bodily injury.

DESECRATION OF THE DEAD.

A Detroit Lawyer Steals a Finger from the Skeleton
Hand of a Dead Priest.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The last Mass was said in old St. Anne's Church, Detroit, June 29, previous to beginning to demolish the building. For years this has been the favorite Catholic church of the French residents, and they filled the edifice this morning to overflowing. Previous to the mass an even more solemn ceremony had been performed, and one in which the members of the congregation had an intense interest. This was the removal of the remains of Fr. Richard to the new St. Anne's Church. While this was being done an unaccountable desecration was committed. Several of the older members of the congregation had gathered about the ancient coffin as the lid was removed. The skeleton was fleshless. A desire had been expressed by many relic-hunters to secure mementoes; and some, in spite of all precautions, were fortunate enough to secure what they considered prizes. The forefinger of the priest's right hand was captured by a lawyer. The member was unusually long, indicating that the hand was of immense strength. Part of the priestly vestment, moldy and decayed with age, but still intact, was secured for a county official. There is great indignation at this maiming of the skeleton, and it is not unlikely that steps will be taken to restore the finger bone if the person who has it can be identified.

CARRIED OFF BY GYPSIES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Eva Bronk, the five-year-old stepdaughter of Frederick Crane of Bloomfield, N. J., was playing near the house June 23, when a band of gypsies came along. Suddenly a big gypsy woman jumped from one of the wagons, and snatching up the child, leaped back into the vehicle. The horses were whipped up and driven at a furious pace in the direction of Paterson. The child was gagged and held in the bottom of the wagon. Fortunately a playmate of Eva's saw the capture, and running into Bloomfield gave the alarm. The most intense excitement existed. Mothers went after their children, and taking them home, held them in their arms for hours, crying and sobbing.

Butcher Hopler was the first man who got the news and at once hunted up Constable Harvey, and arming themselves with pistols, they took a horse and buggy, and drove at a furious pace in the direction taken by the gypsies. Just after they passed Brookdale they saw the white gypsy wagons ascending a hill and they increased their pace. The gypsies seem to have seen the men and surmised their object. Suddenly little Eva was pitched out of the gypsies' wagon into a ditch, and then the gypsies disappeared over the hill as fast as possible. The butcher and constable picked Eva up. She was half-stunned and hysterical from fright.

They took her back home. Her arrival was the occasion of great rejoicing. Mothers with children in their arms rushed to Mr. Crane's house and showered kisses upon the little girl.

MICHAEL MEZZI.

[With Portrait.]

Mezzi, or Mike Metz, as he is commonly known in Fayette county, Pa., is to be hanged on August 12 next, for the killing of his cousin, Rocco Cosidene. The latter had saved a few hundred dollars and was on his way to Pittsburgh when he met Metz, who murdered him in a piece of woodland near Morgantown. Gov. Pattison recently signed the death warrant.

SHOOTING AT NANTICOKE.

Jealous Edwin Bayliss Murderously Assaults His
Wife.

For over a year Edwin Bayliss, of Nanticoke, Pa., and his wife have had frequent quarrels and difficulties, arising from the jealous disposition of the husband, who, either with or without cause, has accused Mrs. Bayliss with infidelity to him and of having criminal intercourse with other men. A few days ago she accompanied a certain man in a buggy ride to Wilkesbarre, and her husband became enraged that he preferred a charge of adultery against the man (who is a single man and could not commit adultery) and had him arrested. Ever since this occurrence the trouble has been growing worse, and culminated about 3 o'clock in the morning in an attempt at murder, if indeed it does not result in an actual murder. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bayliss, with their three small children, reside on Chestnut street, three doors from the corner of Broad street, and at 3 o'clock in the morning the residents of that locality were awakened from their slumbers by three pistol shots following each other in quick succession, intermingled with the piercing shrieks and screams of Mrs. Bayliss, who ran down the street clothed only in her nightgown, which was stained with her blood gushing from two ghastly wounds inflicted by two shots fired by her husband—one in the left shoulder and the other in the left cheek, just below the left eye.

The family had retired at an early hour apparently with all breaches between the husband and wife healed. But it seems that Mr. Bayliss had murder in his heart, and had, with premeditation, obtained a revolver and concealed it beneath the mattress of the bed. About 2 o'clock he awoke Mrs. Bayliss and began to quarrel with her again, and reaching for the revolver, at the same time grabbing Mrs. Bayliss by the arm, he began to shoot at her. Mrs. Bayliss sprang from the bed and rushed from the room, down the stairs and into the street, followed by her murderous husband. Two of the shots had hit her, as stated above, and her screams soon attracted a crowd of neighbors who gathered around the parties and carried Mrs. Bayliss to her house. Mrs. Davis and Sullivan were called and probed for the two bullets, but failed to find them. Bayliss was taken into custody by Constable Williams, who put him in the lockup until morning, when he was arraigned before Equire Chapin on a charge of shooting with intent to kill. The hearing developed facts as stated and resulted in holding Bayliss for court. In default of \$2,000 bail he was committed to jail. In an interview with Mrs. Bayliss she positively denied that she had been criminally intimate with any one, and said her husband had been crazy jealous without any reason for being so.

CANADIAN CONIACKERS.

For the last two years large quantities of counterfeit bills of two, five, ten and twenty-dollar denominations have been put in circulation extensively throughout the Dominion. The Finance department of the Government, different banks and detective agencies throughout the Dominion have been puzzled to ascertain from what source they emanated. It is calculated that at least \$50,000 worth of these spurious bills have been circulated. About three weeks ago the Metropolitan Detective Agency of Montreal, assisted by one of Pinkerton's men from New York, acting in the employ of the Finance department, began working a cleft which led to the arrest of Joseph Racine, a saloon keeper on Victoria Square, Montreal. After having been under arrest for several days he agreed to furnish the detectives with the names of the counterfeiters and to deliver up the plates, which he claimed to know the whereabouts of, on condition that he be let off with a light sentence and be allowed the privilege of accompanying the detective while the arrests were being made and the plate seized.

This was agreed to by the Government, but in some way Racine gave the officers the slip, went to Rouen's Point, New York, and from thence took train to Boston. Since his escape Joseph Kellart, Chief of the Metropolitan Agency, with his assistants, has been at work tracing out the men whom Racine pointed out, with the result that June 29 warrants were issued for the arrest of six prominent citizens in the Montreal District, and requisition papers have been issued on the Secretary of State, Washington, for the arrest of Racine, who is now known to be stopping at a second rate hotel in Boston. Racine has been in the business for the last three years, by his own confession. He is believed to have passed over \$100,000 worth of the "queer." He is a noted gambler, a man of fine address, speaking French, English, German and Italian fluently.

AN UNLAWFUL ROMANCE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A special dispatch from Ocean Grove, N. J., to the Mail and Express relates the following: Ella Thompson, a well-to-do farmer residing within a mile of Ocean Grove, has purchased the wife and two children of Hilam Satterlee, and is now living with them in a new house, which he has handsomely furnished. Thompson was a lover of Kate Carson five years ago. His rival was Satterlee. The latter, being a young man, cut out his rival, who was then over forty years of age. Kate Carson became an unhappy woman almost from the day that she became Mrs. Satterlee. Her husband proved to be an intemperate person. He ill-used her and failed to supply proper support for the two children born of the marriage. The jilted lover, Thompson, had watched this state of affairs, and his love for Kate had never waned. A week or two ago he called on Mrs. Satterlee and asked her if she would leave her husband provided the latter were induced to consent. The woman jumped at the offer, but stipulated that her children must also be freed from Satterlee's influence. Thompson went to see the husband and bluntly proposed to buy Mrs. Satterlee and her children. The terms were soon settled between the two men, and in exchange for \$600, cash down, Satterlee signed a paper relinquishing all rights now and in the future to his wife and two children, and transferred such rights to Thompson. All parties to this queer romance are now apparently happy and satisfied.

A FAIR GRADUATE ARRESTED.

A sensation was caused at the High School graduation exercises at Fall River, Mass., July 2, by the arrest of Kate Frances McCann, one of the graduates, on a charge of assault and battery upon Peter McManus, a leading tenor in the choir of one of the most

fashionable churches. It appears that the complainant is courting the sister of Miss McCann, who keeps a millinery store in Newport, and pays her occasional visits. The young lady's relatives decidedly object to McCann, and made their objections known in a very forcible manner one evening a short time ago when they chanced to meet him on one of the public thoroughfares. About three weeks ago McCann and the young woman's relatives met a second time, and a very serious affray took place. McCann claims to have been assaulted by the young woman, and on Monday last had a writ sworn out for her arrest. According to his instructions the girl was to have been arrested at the opening of the graduation exercises, but City Marshal Hilliard refused to put the girl to any unnecessary indignity, and did not serve the writ until the exercises were concluded. Miss McCann, in her graduating dress, was then taken to the station-house, where, after giving bail, she swore out a warrant for assault against McCann. She alleges that on the evening in question he seized her as she was passing along the street and tore her clothing. McCann was arrested this evening.

A WICKED WOMAN'S ESTATE.

The celebrated Kate Townsend succession case has finally been determined, the State of Louisiana being declared the only heir of the ill-gotten fortune of that notorious courtesan. Kate Townsend, who for years reigned the undisputed queen of the demi-monde of New Orleans, was murdered nearly two years ago by Troville Sykes, whose mistress she was supposed to be. Sykes was captured and imprisoned, but claimed that the murder was done in self-defense. The public was astonished when a few days after he showed that the woman had been his wife for years, and had left her entire fortune, consisting of a large amount of real estate and some \$40,000 in jewelry, to him. He was tried for the murder and acquitted and at once began proceedings to get the property. Finding that the decision was likely to be against him, he seized the jewelry and escaped from the State, establishing himself in Mississippi, where he married.

The case was continued, with three claimants to the property—Sykes, the husband, the murderer of the woman; Mrs. Fuller, who came all the way from California and claimed to be her sister on account of a supposed likeness, and finally the State of Louisiana, which claimed the property on the ground that the deceased had left no heirs. The District Court in its decision sustains the State and orders that all the property be turned over to its representatives. Sykes, having killed Kate Townsend, could not, under the law of Louisiana, succeed to her property. Mrs. Fuller's claim was not sufficiently proved, and the estate, in consequence, reverts to the State. When Kate Townsend was murdered her property was estimated to be worth fully \$200,000. Sykes made off with nearly a quarter of it, all of which he has squandered. It is probable that the lawyers' fees and court charges will swallow no inconsiderable portion of the remainder, but notwithstanding that the State will still come into possession of a considerable sum.

DUSKY LOVERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young Plute buck and squaw, seated on the sidewalk on North C street, Virginia City, Nev., the other morning, attracted general attention by a demonstrative exhibition of affection. Each had a large stick of candy, the squaw daintily nibbling a piece from that held by the buck, and he in return sucking that which had just left the rosy lips of his sweetheart, both laughing as merrily as children meanwhile, exhibiting teeth like double rows of pearls. The pair were evidently strangers, recently married, visiting the Comstock to enjoy their honeymoon. The buck was tall and straight as a flagstaff, and the squaw well formed, with eyes as black as sloes and an unusually intelligent countenance. Whenever her dark eyes met those of her lover the rosy blood could be discovered mantling in her dimpled cheeks despite the roddiness of her complexion.

A NEW GAME.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We illustrate this week a new diversion, called "summer tobogganing," which has been introduced by "awell" visitors to Lake George. The rapid progress down a slide into the lake is said to beat the winter form of the exercise all hollow. There is evidently an extra touch of danger in it.

LAURA BURT.

[With Portrait.]

On another page will be found an excellent portrait of Laura Burt, the charming little lady who is a standing favorite among admirers of burlesque opera and the variety stage.

ANOTHER LUCKY BOSTONIAN.

It is said that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, which probably is as true as many of the old sayings are, but in the matter of lottery prizes it is demonstrated fact that they strike several times in the same locality. Boston has been particularly favored in this regard. Several of her citizens from time to time have been made happy by the receipt of snug little sums through the agency of the Louisiana State Lottery, and others will no doubt come in due time. The person this time is Mr. W. P. Putnam, who is engaged as a salesman in the Enterprise Chemical Company, 130 State street, close to our offices. Our reporter found him at his usual occupation on Tuesday, the happy recipient of \$2,000, which had that day come to him by express from New Orleans. He is a steady man, 32 years of age, with a wife depending upon him for support. He has been unwell for the past four years with hemorrhage and bronchial troubles, and has had a pretty hard time of it. With doctors' bills and other expenses he found it difficult to make both ends meet, and the \$2,000 comes just in the nick of time. He is very jubilant over his good luck, which he considers a god-send, and which he thinks will be the means of prolonging his life, as he now can take some recreation. He intends to stick to his business, however, and enjoy himself leisurely. He held one-tenth of ticket No. 70,453, which drew the third capital prize of \$20,000 in the drawing on the 15th of June. We understand that another tenth of the same ticket came to Boston, \$2,000, which was received by a man named James Carley, but he immediately left the city and could not be interviewed by our reporter.—Boston, Mass., Commercial and Shipping List, July 2.



ONE SIDE.

THE QUESTION OF CHINESE INTIMACY WITH AMERICAN GIRLS ILLUSTRATED BY A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM LIFE OF THE WHITE FEMALE INMATES OF A MONGOL HAREM ON PELL STREET. NEW YORK.



THE OTHER.

HOW AMERICAN WOMEN TRY TO MAKE CHRISTIANS OF CHINESE OPIUM-SMOKERS, FAN-TAN PLAYERS AND SEDUCERS OF LITTLE CHILDREN, AS ILLUSTRATED AT A RECENT PICNIC.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenal Events of the Week.

Jack Dempsey is laid up at Portland, Oregon, with malaria.

Jim Fell has recovered from his fight with Clow, and has come to Missouri.

The Police Commissioners of Boston have rejected Paddy Ryan's petition for a license at the Brower House.

Paddy Carroll offers to fight any 125 pound man in Philadelphia, with skin gloves, for a purse or stake.

Jerry Slattery, of Virginia City, Nev., wants to meet Ed Smith, of San Francisco, in a glove contest to a finish at Virginia City.

Frank Herald is matched to fight Con Tobin, of Troy, a big, muscular boxer, who is nearly 6 feet in height and weighs 150 pounds.

Paddy Ryan is again back in Troy. He says: "I should like very much to meet Sullivan on any terms, at any time or place, and shall not ask for a cent."

Patsy Cardiff's backer has written to Richard K. Fox that Cardiff will fight Mitchell on any terms, but under no consideration will he meet Herald. Whew!

Jack Welsh offers to fight any man in the country, bar nobody, for as much money as may be named and offers to put up a forfeit at any time when called upon.

The glove fight at Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, on July 3, between Chas. Casey and Sam Perry, and the latter was knocked out in the first round.

At Philadelphia, on June 30, Johnny Clark and Martin Welch boxed three rattling rounds. Clark had the best of the bout from the beginning to the finish.

James Fagan and Tom McGuigan fought at Newark, N. J., recently, for a purse. Queensberry rules governed. Three rounds were fought and McGuigan won.

Harry Ulmer writes from Elmira, N. Y., that he is very anxious to meet M. C. Conley in a match, any number of rounds, for \$500 a side and the glove receipts, providing a fair referee is selected.

Mike Cleary is the possessor of an "unknown" that he is anxious to match against some one of the Philadelphia middle-weights, white or colored, "Black Diamond" or "Black Pearl" preferred.

Martin Dempsey offers to give five pounds to any feather-weight who will fight him under the London prize ring rules. He weighs now 116 pounds, but claims that he can train down to 105 pounds.

Fogarty and Ellingsworth were pretty hot when their recent contest in Hoboken was decided a draw, and both talked loudly of a fight to a finish, but neither of them has issued a challenge to the other of late.

Harry Gilmore has issued a challenge to Sam Bittle offering to fight him to a finish with kid gloves, London prize ring rules, for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side. Date of meeting to be four, five or six weeks from signing articles.

John W. Dickerson, Clark's champion heavy-weight of Pennsylvania, is open to fight any man of his weight for \$500 a side. He goes into active training to-morrow for a fight to a finish with hard gloves, for \$250, with an unknown.

"Billy" Johnson of Philadelphia, offers to back Dick Collier, the middle-weight champion of England, in a four or six-round fight, to a finish, with small gloves, for \$250 a side, with either Ned Pluckfield or William Gabby.

Dominick McCaffrey has declined to box four rounds with Frank Herald. He states, however, that as soon as the season is over he will meet Herald, six or eight rounds, or will make a similar match with Sullivan, Mitchell or Burke.

John W. Dickerson, the champion heavy-weight of Pennsylvania, who won the diamond medal at the Comique last season, stopped Ed Berry of Pittsburgh, in two rounds, at the Olympic Club theatre, Philadelphia, on June 30.

Mike Lucie, the middle-weight champion of Pennsylvania, and Ned McCann, of Chester, have signed articles to box for the Richard K. Fox medal, at present held by Lucie, and a purse of \$75 at Arthur Chambers' Champion's Best on Monday evening, July 19.

John P. Clow, only 24 years of age, weighs 162 pounds and strikes a left-hand blow of great power. His greatest victory was his fight with Harry Hines, at Rawling, Wis., for \$1,000. Clow gained his reputation as a boxer by winning the "Police Gazette" medal representing the championship of Colorado.

The glove contest at Minneapolis, Minn., between Pat Killen and Capt. James C. Daly was decided on July 3. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, five rounds, Killen knocked Daly out in the third round. Killen likes marks to hit at. At Philadelphia recently, after all arrangements were made he refused to fight Frank Herald.

George Fulljames and Sam Bittle were in Buffalo, N. Y., on June 28, to witness the dog fight between a Toronto and Buffalo dog for \$250 a side. About fifty persons witnessed the battle. After 24 minutes of "chawing," the Buffalo canine was a whipped cur. The Toronto dog was not much the worse for the contest. Fulljames made a pot on the event.

It is understood that Jim Keenan of Boston, Jake Kilrain's backer, is willing to wager \$500 or \$1,000 that Frank Herald cannot whip Kilrain. Mallahan, Herald's backer, says Herald will box Kilrain if he defeats Ashton on July 3. In this city, if Ashton defeats Kilrain, Mallahan will match Herald against Ashton. In all probability Herald's next victim will be McCaffrey or Billy Bradburn.

John L. Sullivan intends to make New York his home, but he says: "Any time Pat Sheedy wants me to meet either Mitchell or Herald or anybody else I shall obey the summons. I am sorry the matter with Mitchell has been stopped; but then I can wait, and perhaps it won't do Mitchell any harm to wait a little bit longer. And if you will just say I shall be ready for those fighting fellows when the time comes around."

Another boxer backs down from fighting Frank Herald. Can it be possible that all the pugilists are going to be terrorized by the Nicotian crusher? Con Tobin, a burly six foot boxer of Troy, N. Y., whose portrait recently appeared in this paper, was recently matched to meet Frank Herald in a glove contest, which was to have been decided at Troy, N. Y., on July 8. On July 6 E. F. Mallahan received notice from James Kilrain of Troy, in which he stated that Tobin was afraid of being killed, and would not meet Herald. Tobin then threw up the sponge. Who will be the next? Nearly every boxer in America, so far, has refused to meet Herald, and after a while the sporting public will believe that he is a wonder.

A large crowd of sporting men assembled at the Police Gazette office on June 30, to witness Ed McDonald, who fought Jack Dempsey, and Frank Kelsey, arrange a match to contend with gloves for \$500 a side. Kelsey had challenged McDonald to fight for \$250 a side, and McDonald had agreed to fill the contract. Kelsey's backer failed to appear, and the match was about to end in smoke when Kelsey said he would fight McDonald for the gate money. Finding there was no prospect of arranging a match, McDonald accepted, and the following articles of agreement were drawn up and signed.

New York, June 30, 1886.

Articles of agreement entered into this 30th day of June 1886, between Ed McDonald of Brooklyn, E. D., and Frank Kelsey of Williamsburg, N. Y. The said Ed McDonald and the said Frank Kelsey do hereby agree to box six rounds Queensberry rules with gloves, the winner to take the entire gate receipts. It is further agreed that Wm. E. Harding shall be referee, and that the said contest shall be decided in a hall in New York City between July 5 and 22.

GEORGE WATSON
ALEXANDER GURGOOTH

ED McDONALD
FRANK KELSEY.

Arthur Chambers' grand middle-weight boxing tour-

namment for the Richard K. Fox gold medal and championship of Pennsylvania (second consecutive) will be held Monday, July 19, at the Champion's Best, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia. Seventy five dollars in prizes will be divided as follows: To first, \$50 to second \$25. The competition is open to all men in Pennsylvania not exceeding 155 pounds. The Richard K. Fox Revised Queensberry rules will govern all contests. The medal, to become personal property, must be won three times. The first winner and present holder of the medal, Mike Lucie, has been challenged by Ned McCann, of Chester. The entrance is free to all, and entries will be received by Arthur Chambers and Philadelphia Sunday News.

Another important mill is to be arranged between Sam Little of Galt, Canada, the well-known middle-weight pugilist, and Harry Gilmore, the light-weight champion. Recently Little and Gilmore fought for \$1,000 and gate money, near Detroit, and Little was the victor, after one of the most obstinate battles ever fought. It was Gilmore's first defeat during his successful career, and his backers lost heavily. Ever since Little vanquished him his backers have agreed to match him again, and he has decided to once more meet his conqueror in the arena and battle for \$1,000 a side. The following challenge has been received from Gilmore:

Toronto, July 1, 1886.

DEAR SIR:—At the request of my backers, I have decided to again fight Sam Little, who recently defeated me in a match for \$2,000, near Detroit. I will fight Little with gloves, according to "Police Gazette" or London prize ring rules, for \$1,000 a side. The battle to be fought within 100 miles of Detroit, Mich. In two months from signing articles. If these terms suit Little's backers, they will at once notify me through the Police Gazette, and name place for signing articles and posting \$100 a side forfeit.

HARRY GILMORE.

Little's backers won heavily by their champion's victory over Gilmore, and there is not the least doubt but what they will arrange the match.

The glove contests between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell and Jake Kilrain and Jack Ashton, were not allowed to take place at this city on July 4 and 5 because the Mayor refused to issue a theatrical license. Owing to this fact Patrick F. Sheedy, Sullivan's manager, left for Chicago on July 3, to settle up some business, when he will return and make arrangements for a meeting between Sullivan and Mitchell and Sullivan and Herald.

"I wish that you would say to all our friends through the Police Gazette," said Sheedy, "that the stories about my boasting that the match between Sullivan and Mitchell would come off, notwithstanding the action of the Mayor and police, are erroneous. I never had an idea of running counter to the authorities. Only fools and madmen do such things. There won't be any contest now, and my contract with Mitchell has expired. Many other silly stories have also been published in connection with this glove contest. Some people have maintained that Sullivan was in such wretched physical condition he could be whipped by almost anybody in a few rounds. I wish that the interdiction of the authorities had not occurred and Sullivan would have shown his critics whether he could fight or not. My word for it, Sullivan was never in better fix than he is now, and his condition will warrant him in fighting for a man's life. Again, allow me to say, Sullivan never told me a lie in his life and never tried to deceive me in any way. Whenever he said he would prepare himself for a contest he did so. I did not have to follow him day and night to see that he was doing right, but he was trusted and acted honorably. The best of feeling exists between us, and when Sullivan next appears in public I shall be behind him. Now for the challenges Sullivan has received. As I have promised Mitchell the first chance that promise is still binding, although we were unable to bring about the present match. Mitchell shall first be accommodated, and then Frank Herald will have a chance. Articles of agreement have been sent me, as agent of Sullivan, on behalf of Herald, and they seem all right. Attention will be given them in good time. I shall keep my word with both Mitchell and Mallahan, the latter being Herald's business man. Don't allow these men to be downhearted. They shall be accommodated as soon as practicable. I shall, write Mitchell, however, repeating my promise that Sullivan will spar him at the earliest opportunity. My offer, in Sullivan's behalf, about the benefit for the Parliamentary Fund was made in good faith. That entertainment cannot now be given. The yarn that Mayor Grace was incensed because I happened to name some Tammany politicians to take charge of it is about the silliest thing I ever heard. Neither Tammany, County Democracy or Republican occurred to me, but I named Sheriff Grant, Fire Commissioner Crocker, John Scannell and Edward Cahill simply because I knew them. Several County Democrats came to me and assured me that notwithstanding Mayor Grace's letter they could get a license for the Polo Ground, so that Sullivan and Mitchell might meet on July 5. My answer was polite, though forcible. I placed no faith in their promises and told them I would have nothing more to do with the matter now even if I was sure of making \$50,000. That settled them and they retired."

The glove contest between Peter J. Nolan of Cincinnati, a native of the green Isle beyond the sea, and Jack Burke, of London, England, was decided in Chester Park, Cincinnati, on July 6. Nolan and Burke fought a draw on June 12 at Cincinnati, and Nolan's many admirers were confident he could defeat Burke, although the latter showed in the best form on that occasion, owing to the fact that Nolan had not trained. Burke was, however, unable to stop or knock out Nolan on that occasion, and the referee declared the match a draw. Nolan's friends authorized him to again challenge Burke, and the match was arranged. Nolan went into training and his admirers placed their money on his chances of winning. In Cincinnati the match was the topic of conversation, and on the day fixed for the match the roads leading to the trying place were lined with vehicles loaded with humanity, who were eager to witness and speculate on the contest. On the grounds were thousands of spectators who had traveled miles to witness the contest. The contract the men had signed called for an eight-round contest, according to Queensberry rules. Gloves were used weighing two ounces. Among the assemblage was the County Auditor and the County Treasurer with a large retinue of their employees, and the crowd was motled with Aldermen, Councilmen and other city officials, to say nothing of innumerable ex-officials. There was one Federal officer present, a member of the Board of Medical Examiners for Penitents. After a long delay the men came on. A high stage that had been erected and were loudly cheered. Burke was trained down to 165 pounds; while Nolan appeared to be heavier. Frank Ware attended to Burke, while James Faulkner seconded Nolan. After the contest began it was plain that Burke was disposed to be aggressive, but a body blow that knocked a grunt out of him loud enough to be heard by the thousand spectators, brought him to a sense of his situation, and a blow on his left eye in the second round that pretty much closed it, took all the aggressiveness out of him. After this to get a badly bloody nose made things look a little blue. Nolan's arm was a little the heavier, and his blows in the first two rounds were much the more effective. In the first two rounds it was Nolan that did the clinching. In the last six Burke resorted to this device often. In the fourth there was much manoeuvring and little hitting, but the fight was a savage one. Burke tried the rushing method, and gave and took punishing blows. Burke got his right eye damaged and both men bled freely at the nose. It was in this round that the crowd cried "Foul" when Burke got a sounder in with his right on Nolan when the latter was closing in. But the most desperate struggle was in the sixth round. Both men were ambitious each to knock the other out, and blows were directed at the head and neck. Nolan parried, and followed up rapidly with felling blows, and Burke clinched twice, the only thing he could do to avoid punishment. Burke got in some hard blows, and the result at the end of the round seemed doubtful. The seventh was hotly contested; seven blows were struck, of which Nolan received three. Three times they clinched to avoid punishment. All the blows were at the head, and some at close quarters. Nolan opened the eighth and last round with a resounding chest blow, which Burke answered with two good ones on Nolan's face. They clinched twice, and then exchanged compliments in the face, and clinched again. Nolan delivered two left handers in Burke's face in quick succession. Burke clinched, and the fight ended amid prolonged and deafening cheers. No decision was given deciding either Burke or Nolan the winner, although first-class judges claimed that Nolan had decidedly the best of the encounter and would have won had the battle been fought to a finish. Throughout the fight Nolan got encouragement from the shouts of the crowd, and Burke got little or none of it. But it was apparent in the first round that Burke had a very different Nolan to deal with from the one he met nearly a month ago. This time Nolan did not get out of wind, as he did on the former occasion, and he was in better condition every way. While lacking the suppleness and the feline springiness of Burke, Nolan was equally steady, was a harder biter and a better dodger.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposal of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drohan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands six feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

Problem, Mr. J. I. Case's \$5,000 trotter, is reported lame.

The Galates, the America's cup hunter, arrived at Boston on July 3.

Gaudaur and Hamm now claim the double-scutt championship of the world.

L. B. Gratz paid \$4,000 for the filly Refrain to Kittson. She was a well-sold filly.

Frank Cryaler, it is understood, is to have a place at Rockaway Beach during the summer season.

Edwin Thorne, record 2:16 1/4, will probably not be campaigned this season. He is now at Thorndale, Dutchess county, N. Y.

Al Heim, the driver of the pacing mare Toledo Girl, was thrown from his sulky at Toledo last week and his arm was broken in two places.

The Onsey Island Jockey Club will add \$10,000 to the Realization stakes for 3-year-olds (foals of 1885), to be run at the spring meeting of 1886.

Mr. Cassatt wished the dead heat between the Bard and Dewdrop run off, but the Dwyer Brothers had other engagements for their filly, so forfeited.

Leonatus, the crack 3-year-old of 1883, has been sent to Chicago by Chas. Morgan, and will be trained again after a retirement of two years in the stud.

Betting men, bear in mind that there are a number of good two-year-olds which have not yet run. Three of the pick are Cambyces, Shanwace and Equiman.

Ten nominations for the \$10,000 guaranteed stakes, to be trotted for at Charter Oak Park, have made the second payment, making the present value \$5,000.

At Chicago on July 29, there was a collision between Kansas and Forest in the mile-heat race, the result of which was that Forest was so badly injured that he had to be destroyed.

Negotiations for a match between Billy Button and Adèle Gould at Waverly on Monday, July 5, fell through on Saturday, when Weeks reported that his mare was on the sick list.

Harry Webb, the well known sporting man, in conjunction with Roberts, has opened the Etruria wine and pool parlors 248 West street, this city. It is an elegantly fitted up resort.

Steeplechasing is as dangerous in Europe as here. The French jockeys appear particularly reckless. One jockey was killed at Autuville Spring, another one at Vincennes last month, and still another in Spain.

George Fulljames' (the well-known boxer) fighting dog of Toronto has won another victory. At Buffalo he conquered Badger, of Buffalo, in a match for \$500 a side, and the Canadian won a large amount of money.

Honesty, pacing record 2:22, has taken to trotting. He trotted a mile in 2:35 the day he changed his gait. It is now contemplated to make a trotter of him, as he evidently shows a liking for that mode of traveling.

After the time Gaudaur made at White Bear there is no disputing his claim to the title of single-scutt champion carman of America. Gaudaur can row three miles on smooth water in 19 minutes 30 seconds every day in the week.

Mr. W. C. Trimble, of Newburg, N. Y., has developed and sold six trotters for a total of \$67,750. They were Mountain Boy, \$1,200; Commodore, \$235, \$6,000; Judge Fullerton, \$218, \$20,000; Music, \$214, \$6,500; Cornelia, \$214, \$13,000; Inez, \$224, \$6,250.

There were nine starters in the Ontario Jockey Club race for the Queen's Plate at Toronto on July 1. The race was a capital one. D. W. Campbell's Wild Rose won, with Fred Henry second and Wild Bruce third. The distance was a mile and a half. Time, 2:46 1/4.

Buffalo Girl, 2:12 1/2, the pacing queen, has been bred to Jerome Eddy, 2:16 1/4. The get will be christened "14 1/2," as it will inherit the fastest combined speed of sire and dam the world has ever produced. Still this now imaginary youngster may not go a little bit.

Joe Cotton, 4, by King Alfonso-Inverness, 108 pounds, ran seven furlongs in 1:27 1/4 at Coney Island, which is the fastest time on record. The record of seven furlongs has been 1:28 since Sweet Brier, a two-year-old, carrying 107 pounds, made it in San Francisco in 1883.

At Lynn, Mass., on July 1, W. A. Rowe covered four miles in 11 minutes 10 seconds, and 5 miles in 13 minutes 34 1/2 seconds, beating the bicycle records. George M. Hendee made one mile in 2 minutes 30 seconds, which is the most marvelous performance on record.

On July 5 the bicycle record in the twenty mile road race of the Springfield Bicycle Club was lowered. F. A. Eldred won the race in 1 hour 19 minutes 50 seconds. The course was from the North Bridge to Suffolk, Conn., and the roads were in but fair condition.

James Degnan, of this city, called at this office on June 30, and desired, through the Police Gazette, to return thanks to Denny Killeher, of the Newport House, Nantasket Beach, and James Keenan, of Boston, for courtesies extended him during his trip down East.

Jack McAuliffe, having fully recovered from his recent indisposition, is out with a challenge to any light weight in America, to a finish, for \$1,000 a side, 6 or 8 rounds, for gate money in public, or in private for any reasonable purse. Frank White's attention is called to the above.

Mike Coburn, ex-champion light weight, has a big fellow, one James Nickson, 25 years of age, a fraction under 6 feet high and weighing 210 pounds, whom he will match against the winner of the Kilrain-Ashton contest, with gloves, any conditions, for gate receipts or a money stake.

At Lake George, on July 3, the Bowdoin College defeated the University of Pennsylvania in the 1 1/2-mile race by a length and half in 8 minutes 16 seconds. Bowdoin took the lead at the start and was never headed. The water was smooth and in excellent condition. A light breeze prevailed.

Neil Matterson and George J. Perkins have again signed articles to row over the full championship course on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake for \$200 a side, and if the donors will allow it the challenge cup, now held by Perkins. The race is set down for settlement on the 16th of August.

John Rodgers, the trainer and driver, who was for many years a regular feature at Fleetwood, has become mildly insane. He was at first sent to Bellevue Hospital, and left there but a few days ago for the insane asylum at Wood's Island. He was at one time at the old Hunter Park Course, Philadelphia.

The project of campaigning the trotter Guy has been abandoned. He is a horse possessing phenomenal speed, being able to show halves in 1:04, but he is so rattle-headed in company that it is impossible to keep him level. Clingstone's ailment and Guy's retirement will very seriously weaken the Gordon stable.

At St. John river, Quebec, on July 1, the three miles with turn exhibition sculling race between Edward Hanlan and Wallace Ross was won by Hanlan by half a length. Time, 20 minutes 30 seconds. Hanlan was not pushed in any part of the race, for he can row three miles with a turn in 19 minutes 20 seconds.

The bay gelding William Arthur, by Confederate Chief, won the 2:20 trot at Boston. Windsor M., won the first heat in 2:14 1/2, and William Arthur the next three in 2:24 1/2, 2:22 1/2, 2:23 1/2. The only other starter was De Barry by Nil Desperandum,

dam by Happy Medium, who finished second on the third and fourth heats.

The two first elevens of the New York and Stater Island clubs played their first match of the season in Central Park, New York, on July 1. The Islanders won by 18 runs on the score of the first inning. The scores were: Staten Island, first inning, 53; second inning, 66 for 4 wickets. New Yorks, first inning, 35. Umpires—Messrs. Butler and Hooper.

The following horses with records better than 2:30 died in 1885: Goldsmith Maid, 2:14; Occident, 2:16 1/4; Iron Age, 2:19 1/4; Indianapolis, 2:21; Early Dawn, 2:21 1/4; Day Dream, 2:21 1/4; Rex, 2:22 1/4; George O., 2:24 1/4; Ned Wallace, 2:25; George K., 2:25 1/4; Milton Medium, 2:25 1/4; Westover, 2:26 1/4; Mambrino Pilot, 2:27 1/4; Lew Ives, 2:28; Ajax, 2:29; Fairmount, 2:29 1/4.

Fred Archer seems to have met his superior in the saddle this year. Up to the 18th inst. C. Wood has the best of it, heading the list with 58 wins out of 173 rides, to Archer's 56 wins out of 202 rides. George Barrett with 255 mounts has scored 45 firsts, and J. Watts 32 out of 162 mounts. T. Cannon has only appeared 105 times this season, but thirty of his mounts were victorious.

The 10-mile bicycle race between Richard Howell and Fred Wood, the champions of England, for \$250 and the title, took place at Aylestone Road Grounds on June 14. Howell won by 10 yards, in 37 minutes 37 1/2 seconds, but Wood lodged an objection against the winner for running him wide at the straight corner, and after fully considering the fact the referee declared it no race.

More records beaten at Beacon Park, Boston, on July 1. Wendell Baker, the Harvard College sprinter, again broke a number of world's best records. He ran 80 yards in 8 seconds, 100 yards in 10 seconds and 440 yards in 47 1/2 seconds. Myers' best time for the latter distance is 48 3/5. Baker's shoe ripped, and he kicked it off and ran the finish of the 440-yard race with only one shoe.

At Newcastle, England, on July 1, the North Derby, for three-year-olds, was won by Mr. C. Perkins' bay colt Hawkeye by a length, Lord Hastings' bay colt Seaton second, and Sir R. Jardine's chestnut filly Day Dream third. There were five starters. Lord Hastings' four-year-old bay colt Melton was the only starter in the race for the Gold Cup, value 250 sovereigns. He walked over the course.

Spalding's time in the Oakland handicap, 1:53 3/4 for 1 1/4 mile, at Chicago on Thursday, equal the previous best on record, and is the best time for weight. Spalding carried 97 pounds. Rosalie, the holder of the record since 1881, ran the distance in 1:53 1/2 at Brighton Beach, but the race was at "catch weights." Spalding is owned by Johnson & Thomas, and is a b. c. (4) by Bill t. dam Elie L.

Prof. Gus Sundstrom, the champion long distance swimmer of America, who is teaching swimming at the New York Athletic Club, issues a challenge to swim John Robinson, the English swimmer, from one to ten miles for \$250 to \$500 and the championship. The course to be taken place three weeks from signing articles. The match to be from Pier 1, North River, to Coney Island. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder.

At the games of the Springfield Caledonian Club, at Hampden Park, Springfield, July 3, George M. Hendee rode in a one mile bicycle handicap race, starting from the scratch. Wm. R. Haradon, of this city, with 250 yards handicap, finished first, but Hendee's time—2:34—was the fastest yet made in a race. His fractional times were: Quarter, 36 2/5 seconds; half, 1 minute 13 3/5 seconds, and three-quarters, 1 minute 52 seconds.

At Meriden, Conn., on June 30, the 20-mile bicycle State road race, under the auspices of Meriden Bicycle Club, called out thousands of people. The course was to New Britain and return. A start was made by twelve riders. Lew Miller, of this city, the State champion, took two leaders. He came in only a few seconds behind Bidwell, of East Hartford, who won the medal, making the 20 miles in 1 hour 25 minutes 30 seconds, beating the best record. Harding, of Hartford, won third prize.

Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy, the champion light-weight boxers, who have been on a tour through England, Ireland and Scotland, returned on July 2, after being fifteen months away from New York. Kelly and Murphy, in company with their manager, John McMahon, appeared at all the leading places of amusement in England and Ireland, and were always received with tremendous applause. At Belfast, Ireland, the native place of the proprietor of this paper, they were billed as the "Police Gazette" champion boxers, and received a royal welcome and reception.

During the past week the following records have been lowered on the turf:

SEVEN FURLONGS.

1:27 1/4, made by Joe Cotton, 4, by King Alfonso, Inverness, 108 lbs., at Coney Island Jockey Club, June 30, 1886.

ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

1:53 1/4, by Johnson and Thomas' Spalding, 4 years, by Billet, dam Elie L., at Chicago, Ill., July 1, 1886.

ONE MILE AND A SIXTEENTH.

1:47 1/4, C. Bell's b. h. Jim Douglas, aged, by Will Idle, Yolonce by Norfolk, 122 lbs., at Chicago, Ill., June 29, 1886.

According to reports, Edwin Bibby played smart on James, better known as "Wash," Faulkner, independent of defeating him in a match. Bibby was unable to put up the \$200 stake for his match with Faulkner, and in order that it might go on, as large gate receipts were expected, Faulkner loaned Bibby \$200 with the understanding that whoever won the entire \$400 stake was to be returned to him. After the match the stakeholder, who knew nothing of all this, in good faith turned the money over to Bibby. Instead of returning the money to Faulkner, he at once left for Jersey City. On the day that the final deposit was to be made Bibby went to Chester Park, where Nolan is training for his match with Burke Monday night, and said he had been sent by Faulkner, who had been training Nolan, to ask the loan of \$200 to deposit in the wrestling match. Nolan cheerfully gave him the money and not until he and Faulkner compared notes to-day did they learn how they had been tricked.

The Boston Fourth of July Regatta was held on the Charles River on July 5, and attracted thousands of spectators. The first race, three miles, professional single sculls, was contested by George H. Hosmer, George Lee, Wallace Ross, James Ten Eyck, John McKay, Peter H. Conley, Fred Plasted, Jeremiah J. Casey, H. E. Vail, and James Kennedy. There was considerable delay before the start was made. When the word was given Casey caught the water first and was nearly half a length ahead before the others had pulled a stroke. The others continued well together to the one-eighth mile point, where a hot race was made between Casey, Hosmer, Lee and Conley for the lead. Hosmer spurted and went rapidly to the front. Casey retrograded, his place being taken first by Conley and later by Ross. From this out the race for first place between the leaders was exciting. The movement was too lively for Hosmer, and at Dartmouth street he "blinded." McKay, who was supposed to be out of the race, now did some phenomenal rowing. He came to the front yard by yard, and did not stop spurring until he was one and a half lengths ahead of Conley, who was his nearest competitor. Conley gave way to Lee, and at the turning stake the latter was in turn superseded by Ten Eyck. McKay turned the stakeboat first and squared away for home two lengths ahead of Ten Eyck, who was followed by Ross, Lee, Plasted, Casey, Kennedy and Vail, in the order named. The race home was a beautiful one, but the leaders did not change positions. McKay finally won in 22:08 1/4. Ten Eyck was second, in 22:19 1/4, and Ross third, in 23:08. The first prize was \$225, the second \$100, and third \$50. The three-mile amateur scullers' race had as starters James O'Neil, John F. Cumming, Dennis J. Casey, W. F. Conly, Edward Mulcahy, and John D. Ryan. Ryan pushed Conly hard for first place, but the latter won the race in 23:17. Ryan's time was 23:23. The first prize was the City of Boston Cup. The other prizes consisted of gold medals. The four-oared working boat race had for entries Hosmer and mate, the Lee crew, the South Boston crew and the Columbia crew. The distance was four miles with two turns. Hosmer's crew got away first, and at the end of the first mile were one length ahead, with the Lee crew second, and the Columbia crew third. The South Boston crew were out of the contest in the third mile, and the race was between the Hosmer and Lee crews. Hosmer's crew won by four lengths in 28:40, with Lee's crew second in 28:50, and the Columbia third. The prizes were: first, \$300; second, \$125; third, \$75. Edward Hanlan gave an exhibition of scientific sculling, rowing a clear-cut stroke of about 30 to the minute, which he increased on his second mile to 34. The last race, three-mile professional double scull, was contested by Hosmer and mate, Ross and mate, and Donovan and mate. This was an interesting race and was won by Ross and mate in 21:34 1/2, Hosmer and mate second in 23:24.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

After Jake Gaudaur won the single-scull race for the championship of America, and defeated John Teemer, the champion, at Pullman, Ill., many claimed that Teemer purposely allowed Gaudaur to win.

I scouted the idea, and emphatically stated that Gaudaur won on his merits, and that if Teemer had rowed the race out instead of stopping, that Gaudaur would have not only beaten Teemer, but lowered the best time on record for rowing 3 miles with a turn.

At White Bear, St. Paul, Minn., on June 26, 1886, Gaudaur entered in the single-scull race against John Teemer and Albert H. Hamm, and the knowing ones, who supposed the championship race between Teemer and Gaudaur was a fluke, backed Teemer heavily.

Gaudaur accomplished just what I predicted in this paper—beat Teemer and also the record.

Gaudaur's time for the three miles was 19 minutes 54 seconds, which beats the previous record—20 minutes 3 seconds—made by Teemer at New Orleans.

The course was carefully surveyed and measured by competent engineers, who will make affidavit to its correctness, and this will consequently go on record. Teemer's time was 20:07, Hamm's 20:35, and Stone's 21:10.

Sporting men who read the "Police Gazette" and followed the referee's opinions were in luck, for by backing Gaudaur they won a snug sum.

Edward Hanlan easily out-rowed George Hosmer at Lake St. Joseph, Quebec, on June 25. Hanlan rowed the three miles with a turn in 20 minutes 18 seconds.

On July 1 Hanlan gained his second victory at Quebec by beating Wallace Ross in a three-mile single scull race.

Hanlan's victories and the time proves what the "Police Gazette" published last February about Hanlan, "that in the month of June Hanlan would be in form and row just as fast as ever."

Muldoon was recently defeated by Evan Lewis at Chicago. Why Muldoon should permit a man of such little reputation as Lewis to defeat him I cannot imagine. Lewis will not wrestle for money, and Muldoon should not allow a man who is miles behind championship form to defeat him.

It may be interesting to Lewis and his backers to know that Joe Acton will wrestle Lewis and wager \$1,000 to \$800 that he can defeat him, catch-as-catch-can style, and any wrestler in America can be accommodated with the same contract.

I should like to know why the cranks call the great racing industry an institution of gambling.

Many gentlemen own race horses, and their only delight is to witness their colors flash to the fore in some great race which interests millions outside the owner.

The great prosperity of the racing turf, its continued growth furnishes an effective argument for its friends to use.

It is now high time that the thousands of race-horse owners and those interested in the sport of kings should combine to beat its opponents. The turf is not to be made a football for even great political magnates to kick about at their pleasure.

All personal differences should be thrust out of mind. Racing institutions should unite and crush these cranky demagogues whose inclination for or against betting can permit or preclude it—effective means should be made to crush him.

I don't pretend to know much about yachting. I never knew a "square rigger" captain who could sail a schooner or a sloop well, nor a fore-and-aft skipper who could properly handle a ship.

I have no doubt that some of these amateur gentlemen who are now playing boat in our smooth waters could give me and other men who have passed many years on the sea points in the business.

I think there is a rule which is applicable to sailing craft of all kinds. It is that the management is of quite as much account as the model. This was demonstrated by the success of the Puritan in the last race.

No matter what your model may be, the craft must be sailed well to insure success. And I apprehend that in a stiff breeze many a yacht has lost the race by carrying too much canvas, when, by reducing it and properly apportioning it, she might have won.

To go back to my own experience in square riggers, I have often seen the ship going, say, seven knots on the wind, carrying the helm hard up, and consequently dragging the rudder broadside through the water.

Then, taking in the mizen topgallantail and putting a reef in the mizen topsail, the tiller would come nearly midships and the log would show an increase of speed of a knot an hour.

A trotter to be at his best, does not need to be doctored or dosed in any way. He simply needs a reasonable amount of food, wholesome food, given at regular periods, with proper exercise and sufficient time and opportunity to rest and recuperate.

He should be neither fat nor lean, but kept in good working condition. If overfed, no amount of feed will keep him up. Overwork of any kind will injure or kill horse or man, no matter how much food they are given.

The chances are that they will reject their food rather than eat to excess, or even sufficient for sustenance under normal conditions. Work must be limited to the constitution and capacity of the animal, whatever that work may be.

Sufficient food, of proper quality and rightly taken, will keep the horse up to his normal capacity, but it cannot enable him to go beyond this without injury.

Lack of food may reduce him so that he will not be at his best, nor work up to his natural capacity. It is much the same with the steam engine.

Too little fuel causes a failure to do full work; too much can only result in strain and injury, but just enough gives full capacity and satisfaction, without loss of power or the entailment of harm.

I have not heard of any further news respecting the proposed match between Jim Smith and Sullivan, but Sullivan has offered Smith \$3,000 to come to America and box six rounds with him. This certainly is a very tempting bait, and I should think Smith will accept it, and if he makes a good show with the world's champion, it may lead to business of a more important character. The English champion is now appearing at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, England, in "Tom and Jerry," and meets with a hearty reception.

It is my opinion, judging from the recent, I may say wonderful performance of Wendel Baker at Boston on June 14, that

he is a faster sprinter than L. E. Myers for all distances up to 720 yards.

As Baker beat the record in the 110 and 130 yards dashes in an exhibition meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association recently, he is well entitled to the title of champion short distance runner of the world.

A subject of most importance as enabling a man to use his best exertions in any affair that requires the employment of his greatest capabilities, yet previously impaired by irregularity, can be of no mean consideration to the pugilist who has to contend against another, possibly more wary and circumspect than himself in this species of preparation for the strife.

He sees his antagonist stripped, showing the muscles distinctly, and reflects with despondency, at first sight, on the disparity of his own condition, for the victory is as often obtained by moral conviction of success as by actual superiority of strength and skill residing in the same quantity of stuff, to say nothing of that quickness of perception which the mind acquires when the body (its habitation) is in good condition.

If all has been done that can be effected towards attaining this end, the combatant has at least one consideration to cheer his prospects, that nothing has been neglected on the part of his friends to secure a fair chance of victory.

But would they go further and practice a few precautions, founded on reason and experience, they may securely reckon upon the attainment of their wishes, and thus undertake as matter of profit that trouble which they would avoid simply for sake of victory.

The jockey and pedestrian train with very different views, as both differ with the pugilist in matter of feeling as well as in the prize to be obtained.

The first seeks to reduce his weight merely, without regarding the remains of strength which he may retain, and although this otherwise desirable quality may be improved by his training (which always tends downwards) yet if he lasts five or six minutes hard work this is all he requires.

Should he fail the horse is blamed.

The pedestrian engages against time generally, and if old Father Time is not beaten, his impatience comes out to upbraid the athlete with superior condition. It is the pugilist only who suffers by defective comparison with his opponent, and upon him lies most incumbent the duty of attending to the precepts of older and wiser if not equally interested persons with himself.

He may fail to win the fame of a conqueror, but his backers will lose all the blint.

In some respects wrestlers require similar treatment with pugilists, but the similarity extends no further than perhaps inasmuch as the two species of undertaking may be considered alike, or that wrestling is a subservient auxiliary to boxing.

Jack Broughton was one of the first great pugilists of the olden days to help to promote boxing.

He, on March 10, 1749, nearly 150 years ago, opened an amphitheatre at Oxford Road, London, Eng.

It was Broughton who first drew up the first boxing rules, and we herewith publish a fac simile.

Rule 1—That a square of a yard be chalked in the middle of the stage, and every fresh set to after a fall, or being parted from the rails, each second is to bring his man to the side of the square and place him opposite to the other, and till they are fairly set to at the lines it shall not be foul for one to strike the other.

Rule 2—That in order to prevent any disputes the time a man lies after a fall, if the second does not bring his man to the side of the square within the space of half a minute, he shall be deemed a beaten man.

Rule 3—That in every main battle no person, whatever, shall be upon the stage except the principals and their seconds; the same rule to be observed in by-battles, except that in the latter, Broughton is allowed to be upon the stage to keep order and to assist gentlemen in getting to their places, provided, always, he does not interfere in the battle, and whoever presumes to infringe these rules to be turned immediately out of the house; everybody is to quit the stage as soon as the pugilists are stripped before they set to.

Rule 4—That no pugilist be deemed beaten unless he fails to come up to the line in the limited time, or that his own second declares him beaten. No second is to be allowed to ask his man's adversary any questions, or a louse him to give out.

Rule 5—That in by-battles the winning man to have two-thirds of the money given, which shall be publicly divided upon the stage, notwithstanding any private agreement to the contrary.

Rule 6—That to prevent disputes, in every main battle the principals shall, on entering the stage, choose from among the gentlemen present two umpires, who shall absolutely decide all disputes that may arise about the battle, and if the two umpires cannot agree, said umpires to choose a third, who is to determine it.

Rule 7—That no person is to hit his adversary when he is down, or seize him by the ham, the breeches or any part below the waist. A man on his knees to be reckoned down.

These rules may be called the data of Boxing—and no man, from his experience, was better able to frame such a code than Broughton.

It does not appear that any pugilist, previous to or since the days of that acknowledged hero has, generally speaking, ever possessed either in point of theory or practice the science in so eminent a degree as Broughton, and this circumstance has answered very far from any intention of detracting merit from a number of deservedly celebrated pugilists since his time, but with a view of advocating, if necessary, the superior talents and genius of so great a master in the art of Boxing, intending, at the same time, by way of hint, that no doubt can exist but there still is room left for considerable improvement in the practice.

Most first-class pugilists have, independent of their knowledge of the science, a peculiar mode of their own in fighting, and which cannot be exactly communicated to their pupils, from the want of studious application which every science so essentially requires before any professor can be rated as a finished master.

Broughton, from the study and attention that he paid to it theoretically, added to the great practice he had, not only in sparring (with whom the first use of gloves originated), but in his numerous public contests, that he became so thoroughly acquainted with every "minute" of the art as to be particularly happy in communicating it to his scholars, a memorable instance of which has been shown from one of his pupils, who weighed 126 pounds, fought a man who weighed 238 pounds, and beat him in the course of 10 minutes.

Unfortunately, most of the heroes of the fist are too apt to forget the numerous knock-down blows and dreadful bruises which they have received in climbing up to the daring height of Champion, and that one fatal blow can hurt them from the high precipice and level them with the ground and wrest that hard-earned title from their brows.

Let them also bear in mind that in becoming the mighty champion of the world (or visible sound) they appear as a public mark to his at, and whoever throws down the glove, whether in possession of youth in opposition to their age, superior strength or science, they must pick it up, and if they mean to continue in their elevated seat wear it.

LATEST SPORTING.

Forrest, the well-known race horse, fell while in a mile-heat race at Chicago on June 29, breaking his leg, and Wether was badly injured.

Charley Gooley offers to match his white dog, Billy Boost, against the brown dog, Crib, owned by Rogers, of Trenton, N. J. Money ready at 440 West Fifty-fourth street.

The famous horse Leonatus, by Longfellow, was retired several years ago broken down, but he is now about to reappear upon the turf, and his owner, Jack Chien, says he is as sound as a dollar.

George Engeman, the popular turfman and manager at Brighton Beach track, won \$12,000 on June 29 at the Coney Island Jockey Club by Herbert's victory in the last race. Herbert was 20 to 1, and it just took \$600 to make \$12,000.

The race for the Northumberland Plate, for horses three years old and upward, was run at Newcastle on June 29. R. Vyner's chestnut filly Stone Click won by a neck, W. I. Anson's bay colt Selby second, and W. Stevenson's chestnut filly Nightcap third.

The race for the Great Midland Foal Plate, for two-year-olds, which was run at Four Oaks Park on June 29, was won by J. H. Houldsworth's bay colt by Springfield out of Napoli, by a length. T. Valentine's St. Helen and Mr. Abington's bay colt Binder ran a dead heat for second place.

The race meeting of the Monmouth Park Racing Association began on July 3 at Long Branch. The meeting will last until Aug. 24, and there will be racing every other day. The track and grounds are in excellent condition, and although the betting question is still unsettled, a grand meeting is anticipated. There is a large number of horses at the track, and with the close of the races at Sheepshead Bay a general migration into New Jersey will be begun. Mr. Withers and Mr. Galway have had their horses at work at Monmouth for a fortnight, and a large portion of the Dwyer and Corrigan stables were quartered at the park.

C. D. Graham, a cooper of Philadelphia, was at Niagara Falls on June 30, studying the Whirlpool rapids, in which Capt. Webb was killed. It is reported that Graham intends to go through the rapids in a barrel which he has already built. It is expected that very strong, the occupant being protected from injury by a bag-shaped hammock. The principal difficulty will be in getting air, although Graham expects no trouble on that score. He has spent several Sundays making experimental trials with barrels weighted with sand, and he says they have been successful. Eight minutes sufficed for the passage of one from the Suspension Bridge to the Whirlpool, the barrel being uninjured, according to Graham's statement.

An interesting single-scull race was rowed at Worcester, Mass., on June 30. The starters were John F. Cummings, of the Crescent Club, J. D. Ryan, of the Bradfords, W. F. Conley, of the Shawmuts, and J. H. Sullivan, of the Central, all of Boston. Ryan got first position from the Worcester shore, with Sullivan, Cummings and Conley next in order. D. J. Murphy, of Boston, withdrew on account of the death of his father. Billy Welch, of Boston, was referee. William B. Johnson, of the Shawmuts, was timekeeper, and James L. Kelley, starter. The course was two miles. Conley won by three boat lengths, and in this order they finished. Conley was first, in 13 minutes 45 seconds, Ryan three lengths behind, and Cummings a length behind Ryan. The prize was a gold watch. The double-scull race had to be abandoned on account of lack of entries.

The Puritan won the yacht race at Marblehead, Mass., on June 29, beating the Priscilla squarely. The Priscilla also beat the Mayflower, but her gain of second prize was due rather to good judgment in housing her topmasts in the last leg to windward than to her superior sailing. In fact, at one time during the first round she seemed hopelessly beaten. The Mayflower evidently had not weight enough and her sails did not sit as well as those of her competitors. As to the Priscilla, it is difficult to imagine how she can ever do better than she did. Everything was in her favor. She had a splendid start. As long as the work was at reaching she held her own with the other sloops, but as soon as the bowsprit was pointed to windward the Puritan's superiority was manifest. The Fortuna was fourth.

SUMMARY AT START.			
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.			
Bedouin, Archibald Rogers	71 45	12 15 00	12 15 00
Huron, William Gray, Jr.	65 20	12 15 00	12 16 53
Thetis, Henry Brannan	65 50	12 15 00	12 17 08
Stranger, George H. Warren	65 80	12 15 00	12 18 41
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.			
Clara, Charles Sweet	54 28	12 20 00	12 20 06
Active, Charles P. Kenney	54 50	12 20 00	12 22 02
Udda, E. M. Padelford	43 00	12 20 00	12 25 00
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Shona, Charles Tweed	35 32	12 20 00	12 20 52
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.			
Gervalla, W. C. Winslow	60 00	12 15 00	12 17 32
Meta, A. A. Lawrence	64 21	12 15 00	12 18 02
Alice, W. L. Lockhart	78 00	12 15 00	12 19 03

SUMMARY AT FINISH.			
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.			
Bedouin	4 06 40	3 51 40	3 51 40
Huron	4 13 06	3 58 08	3 54 37
Thetis	4 20 24	4 05 24	3 51
Huron—Disabled after second turn.			4 01 33
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.			
Clara	4 32 00	4 12 00	4 12 00
Active	4 57 35	4 37 35	4 37 35
Udda	5 15 35	4 55 35	4 43 50
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Thoma	Only one entry. Time not taken.		
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.			
Gervalla	4 43 30	4 28 30	12 01
Alice	4 44 50	4 29 59	4 29 50
Meta	5 00 20	4 45 20	8 45

The following are the particulars of the great wrestling match between Evan Lewis, the Stranger, and Wm. Muldoon, which was recently decided at Chicago: When the two men entered the ring it was evident that Muldoon was not in fettle. He had swelled it about the sporting headquarters all the afternoon in a big flannel shirt, with a midshipman's collar flapping about his neck, and announced himself in condition. He argued that Lewis did not know much about Greece-Roman, and that he knew enough of tricks to put the man from Wisconsin in his grave. Muldoon weighed 180 pounds and was a favorite with bettors until no one would bet on Lewis at odds usually considered favorable. Lewis got off his train six miles out and ran in behind a buggy that halted his grip. He was in splendid form, and weighed 170 pounds. Muldoon was in full trunks and shoes. Lewis was barelegged and barefooted. Duncan C. Ross, wearing a 4-pound medal for swordsmanship, was the referee. Both Ross and Muldoon received considerable applause, but Lewis was hissed. He only hit his lip and secured at his handsome opponent. Muldoon noticed it and smiled complacently in return. Mr. Ross, who is the all-round champion athlete of the world, gave it as his opinion at the start that Muldoon would win on account of his superior skill. At the 8:45 men got the word, and for two minutes they kept up as pretty play as was ever seen on a wrestling mattress. Finally Lewis got right down to business, and with a quickness not often seen in a big man took a dangerous neck-lock on Muldoon. He tightened until he stopped the circulation on the champion, and in a jiffy had him all points down. It was a surprise party for the power and rendered his left jugular useless. The second bout had consumed 29 minutes when both men agreed to 10 minutes' rest for a rub down. Lewis had decidedly the best of it, skillfully breaking Muldoon's favorite locks and making several well-planned shoulder hitches which required all of Muldoon's skill and strength to break. The men were generously applauded. The double neck-locks which kept the powerful athletes turning in the air particularly delighted the crowd. After the rub-down, and when Muldoon had dusted the under side of his right arm, went to hands and knees in his slyest way. Lewis fell into the trap, and in trying to fetch a half Nelson on the New Yorker lost himself and the second fall in a powerful rolling arm lock—Muldoon's specialty. But Muldoon was done, and when he reached his dressing-room he refused to come out again, and Lewis was declared champion and winner of three-fourths of the gate receipts. Muldoon first claimed to be sick; then that there were too many complimentary in the house, and lastly that the work was too hard for the money in sight. He quit because he could not win and was too chicken-hearted to finish. Lewis accepted a telegraphic challenge from Tom Cannon, at Cincinnati, to the winner of the match, before leaving the stage. Until a year ago Lewis had not wrestled in any style except Cornish, in which it is the custom, as the saying goes, to kill a man and then throw him. That accounts for his severity on previous exhibitions, but he is yet destined to be the Sullivan of the carpet.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the POLICE GAZETTE, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

G. F. T.—Thanks.
B. S., Pottsville.—Yes.
J. H. D., Utica, N. Y.—No.
M. G., Rochester, N. Y.—No.
J. D., New York.—J. D. wins.
D. G., Halifax.—On July 13, 1879.
J. S., Collingwood, Canada.—No.
D. S., Halifax, N. S.—James Hannill.
S. G., Portland, Me.—Harvard's crew.
M. H. S., Harrisburg.—Edward Hanlan.
J. B., Hub City, Wis.—From toe to heel.
T. A. H., Shamokin, Pa.—Do not keep such records.
D. S., Halifax.—Wallace Ross never defeated Walter Brown.
D. J., Harrisburg, Pa.—Wanda won \$29,290 last season for Pierre Lorillard.

E. P., New York City.—Running for money makes you a professional.
Reader, What Cheer, Iowa.—The police stopped the contest in the third round.
B. W., Harrisburg.—T. S. Hamblin, the actor, died in New York, Jan. 8, 1853.
W. B., Holyoke, Mass.—Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ inches. Frank Herald, 5 feet 10½.
G. G., Muskegon, Mich.—1. There is no official record. 2. Eleven and one-half seconds.
J. B., New York City.—A and C should run the race over again, and B should be disqualified.
M. M. C., Blyth, Ontario.—John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought 9 rounds in 11 minutes.
C. R., Richmond.—The "Sporting Man's Companion" for 1887 will be ready in January, 1887.
K. C. B., Rochester, N. Y.—Six feet 2¼ inches is the best record. It was made by P. Davin in Ireland.
J. P. K., Reading, Pa.—We do not supply portraits. Write to John Wood, 208 Bowery New York.

W. F., New York City.—Prof. A. Austin, corner of Forty-first street and Broadway, teaches boxing.
S. G., Boston.—Edward Hanlan won the championship of the world in 1876 at the Centennial Regatta.
J. S., Hoosick Falls.—There has been a dozen fighting dogs named Cribb. Which one do you mean?
J. N., Dubois, Plainfield Co., Pa.—George W. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., holds the title of champion.
G. F., Fort Buford, D. T.—Blondin did carry a man on his back and walk a tight rope over Niagara Falls.

H. B., Williamsburg, Col.—Bill Lang ran one mile at Newmarket, Eng., down hill in 4 minutes 2 seconds.
C. W., West, New York.—On July 27, 1854, John Morrissey and Bill Poole fought on Amos street dock, New York.
F. F., Ketchikan, Alaska Co., I. T.—In the third round Sullivan had Mitchell conquered and the police stopped the battle.
S. G., Bangor, Me.—Yes, James Owens, of Fairfield, Vt., defeated Col. J. H. McLaughlin, at Boston, Mass., Dec. 28, 1877.
J. S. H., Denver, Col.—Captain Matthew Webb swam 40 miles on the Thames, England, in 9 hours 57 minutes, July 12, 1876.

H. M., Lanark.—Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, made her debut at the Castle Garden theatre, New York, Sept. 11, 1850.
S. G., Jamestown, J. K. Miller, of the Irish team, made 15 bull's eyes at 1,000 yards, at Creedmoor, L. I., September, 1876.
J. B., Cumberland.—James W. Wallace made his first appearance in America as Macbeth, at the Park theatre, New York city, Sept. 7, 1818.

R. S., Halifax, N. S.—The fact that you ran for money made you a professional, and you cannot be eligible to contend in amateur games.

D. S., Holyoke, Mass.—Send 25 cents to this office for the "Sporting Man's Companion." It is the best sporting record book and contains more information than we have space for.

H. S., Oshkosh.—Francis Poratto rode 305 miles in 14 hours, 31 minutes at the Gentlemen's Driving Park, N. Y., May 22, 1878. Poratto attempted to ride 305 miles with 44 horses in 15 hours at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 14, 1878, and lost by 10 minutes.

S. W., Philadelphia.—Captain Stone, who is the sailing master of the yacht Mayflower, is an old Swampscott fisherman, and has been in the yacht service many years. For nine years past he has been with General Palmer on the schooner yacht Halcyon. He is wide awake, and stands second to none in his line.

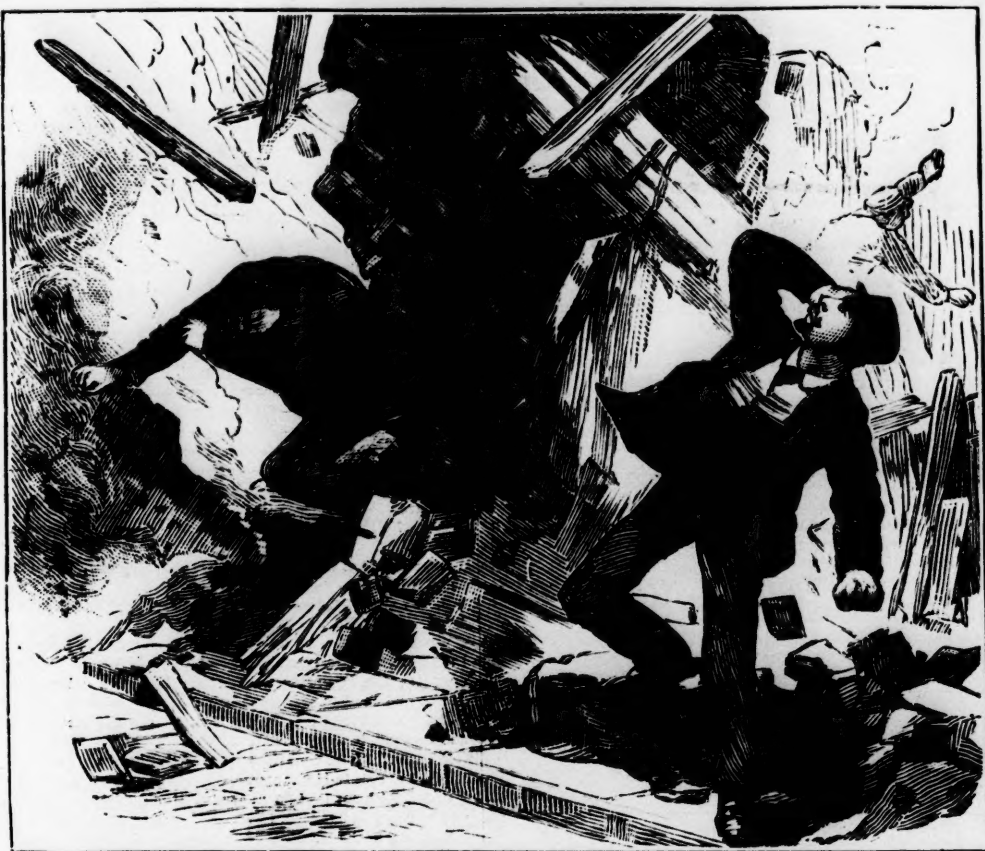
S. W., Boston.—F. Goodwin, the English runner, of Coventry, is twenty-five years old, stands 5 feet 6 inches high and weighed 138 pounds. He has shown good form at short distances, and it will be recollected three years ago he won the open quarter at the Cumberland and Westmorland sports at Little Bridge.

W. S. H., Bridgeport, Conn.—Geo. M. Hendee, on a bicycle, made 5 miles in 14 minutes 4.2 seconds, at Lynn, Mass., June 19. Hendee beat Rowe's world record of 14 minutes 7.2 seconds by 3 seconds. Rowe wheeled 10 miles in 29 minutes 18.2 seconds, that being only 6 seconds slower than the professional record. Knapp was the first man to go 10 miles inside 30 minutes on this track, making the distance in 29 minutes 58 seconds.

J. H., Peoria, Ill.—The trotting bred horse is adapted to the largest variety of uses, and is by odds the best and most popular general purpose horse. For heavy work, of course, he falls far below the draft. He cannot cling to the stony pavement and draw after him near the tonnage that this class of horses can; neither can he skip over the course with the speed of the thoroughbred; but on the road, in going great distances, dispatching business on the farm, and in every sphere where light, quick work is required, he is unexcelled.

G. H., Blossburg, Pa.—1. Wm. Steele did hold that title. 2. No. 3. William Duddle, the famous Scotch runner, was born at Bolton on March 14, 1838, is only 5 feet 3 inches in altitude, and weighs 8 stone 2 pounds. Beat R. Marsden, one mile for £20, Borough Grounds, Preston, May 21, 1877; with 120 yards start took third prize (£2) in a one mile handicap at Newhall, February 25, 1878; with 43 yards got second prize (£10) in a one mile sweepstakes, won by A. E. Dickerson, Sulphur Springs Grounds, Andover, April 26, 1879; with 43 yards won first prize (£20) in a one mile handicap, at the Manchester and Salford Grounds, June 4, 1879; beat James Lee of Walton-le-Dale, who had 55 yards start in one mile, Preston Borough Grounds, November 17, 1879, beat D. Holdsworth, one mile, £25 a side, Moston Park, Chadderton, December 27, 1879; beat D. Livingston, who gave 10 yards start in one mile, Borough Grounds, Preston, May 15, 1880; with 20 yards start got second prize (£3) in a one mile handicap at Fairfield Grounds, Liverpool, October 4, 1880; beat R. Cummings of Cardiff, one mile, £100 a side (time, 4 minutes 19½ seconds) Moston Park, Chadderton, December 20, 1880.

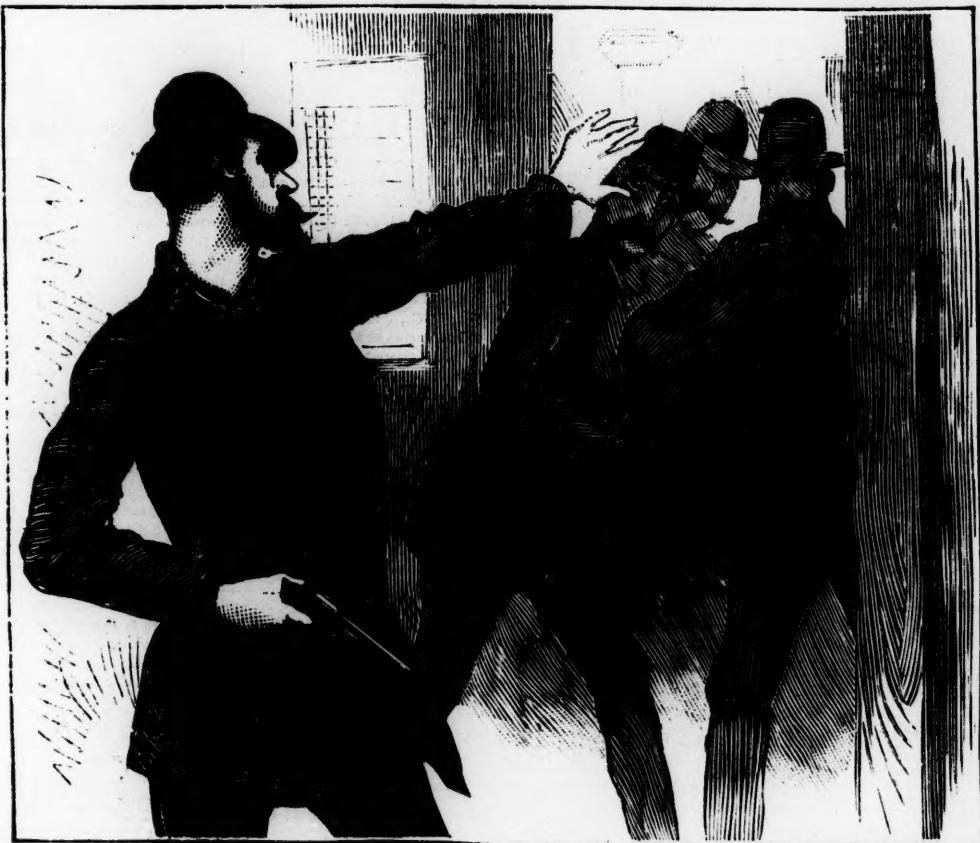
J. D., Algonac, Mich.—Neil Matterson was born at Kempsey, on the Maclean River, Australia, in May, 1864; stands 5 feet 10½ inches and scales about 11 stone. His first important race in public was in conjunction with G. Ashwood, winning a £10 prize for double-sculling at Grafton Regatta, May 24, 1882. Altogether he has taken part in eighteen matches and handicaps, of which he has won fifteen, the only occasions on which he has been beaten was by H. Pearce, W. Beach, and (on his first appearance in England) was defeated by George J. Perkins. He has beaten, amongst others, Nicholls, R. Edwards, Peter Kemp and C. Messenger. Dave Godwin first saw the light at Hammersmith, November 19, 1847, stands 5 feet 7½ inches, and scaled 10 stone 8 pounds, rather lighter than in the majority of his previous races. His first match of any importance was about ten years since, when he was defeated by H. Baskwell, of Battersea, in a gig match from Putney to Mortlake, for £10 a side. Has rowed Lewis Gibson, of Putney, four times, honors being even, and has sculled no less than six matches against the renowned George Cubber, only losing the fifth, on December 23, 1882. Has also vanquished Charles Smith, of Hackney, for £100; Jock Anderson for £100; P. McTherney twice for £100 each time, and C. Brightwell for £100, besides taking prizes almost innumerable in open races and handicaps. On June 7 Matterson rowed against David Godwin on the Thames, England, for £200, and was beaten. Godwin's time was 23 minutes 24 seconds.



BURIED IN THE RUINS.
FOREMAN MANNING OF THE CHICAGO FIRE DEPARTMENT DIGS HIS WAY FROM UNDER A FALLEN WALL.



WONDERFUL NERVE.
HOW WILLIAM SEIGENTHAL, OF EASTON, PA., STOOD THE CONSEQUENCES OF A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.



MASTERING A MADMAN.
OFFICER JEFF RIGGLE GOES CRAZY ON A TRAIN AT FORT WORTH, TEXAS.



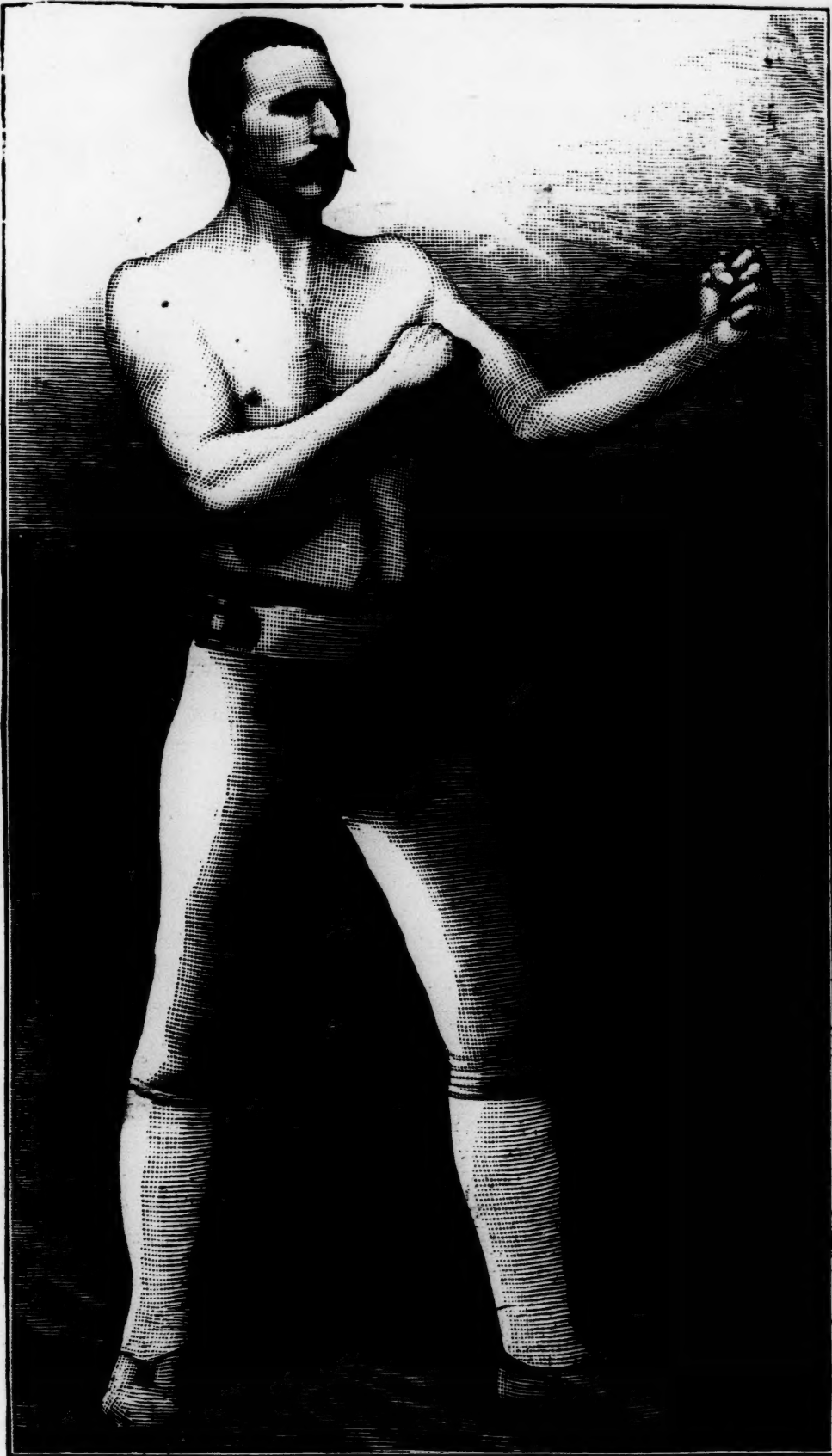
WITH SOFT GLOVES.
HOW SOME GUESTS AT A BROOKLYN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATED THE EVENT.



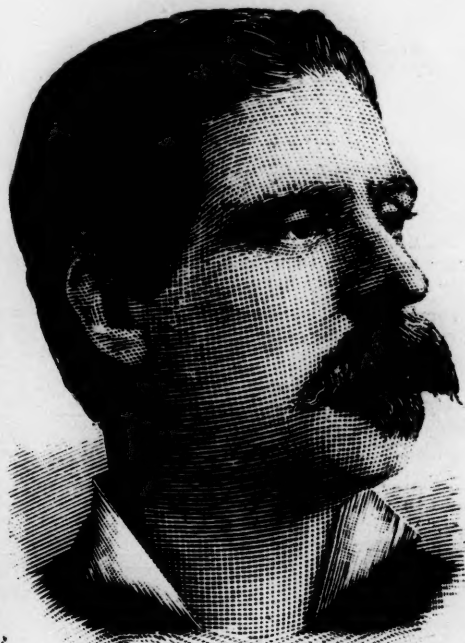
A SADDLE-COLORED VIRAGO.
THE OUTRAGEOUS AND ATROCIOUS SPREE OF NORA HILL, ON THE LAKE FRONT, CHICAGO.



HE BOUGHT A READY-MADE FAMILY.
THE EXTRAORDINARY SPECULATION IN WHICH ELLIS THOMPSON OF OCEAN GROVE, N. J., SPENT \$600.



JACK KING,
THE RISING AND POPULAR YOUNG PUGILIST OF PITTSBURG, PA.



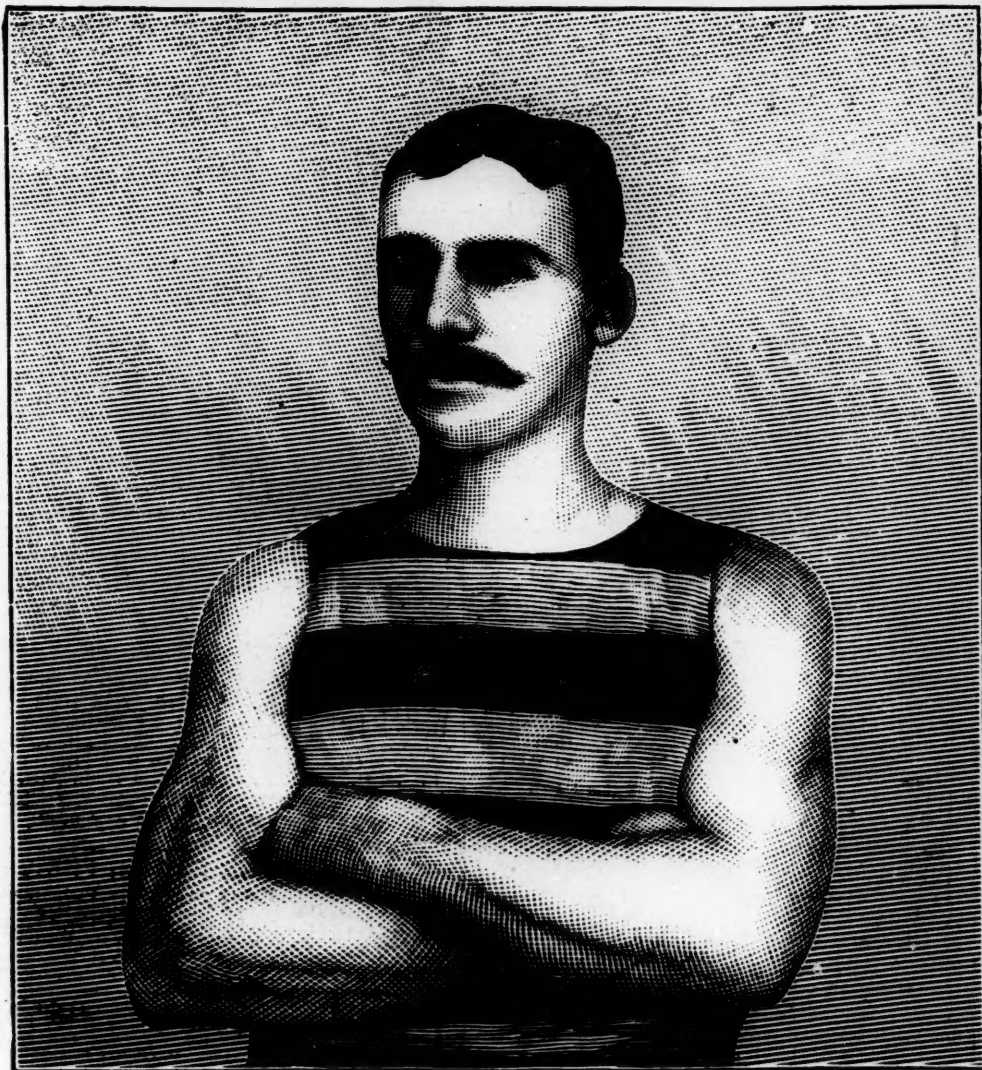
CARLO BENEDETTI,
THE WELL-KNOWN PROPRIETOR OF THE
"TIVOLI," PATERSON, N. J.



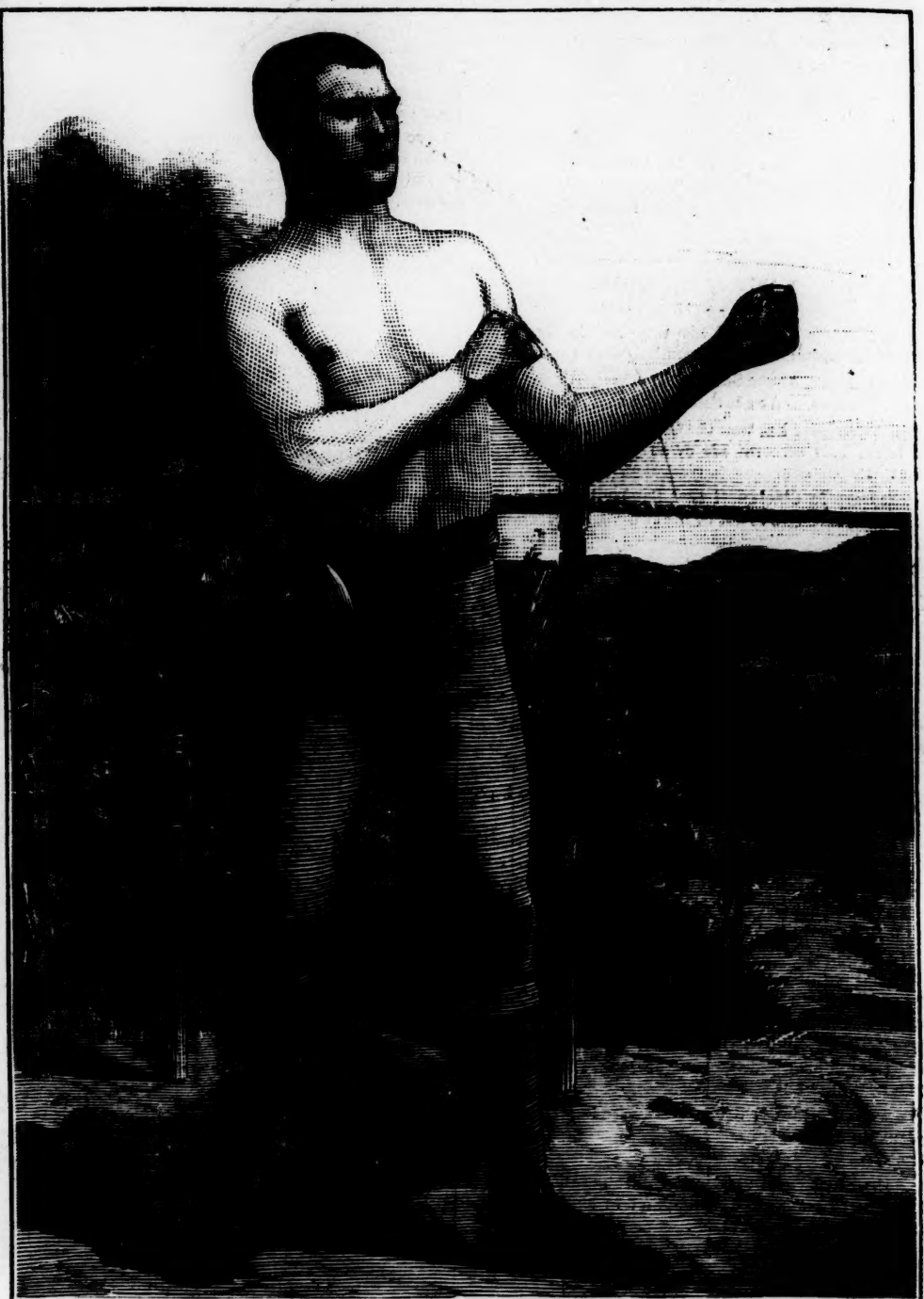
CHARLES MCKENZIE,
THE ORIGINATOR OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE"
POOL TOURNAMENT AT BOSTON, MASS.



MORE THAN SHE COULD BEAR.
THE UNEXPECTED MEETING OF TWO WOMEN ON A SAN FRANCISCO DOCK LEADS
TO A MURDER.



JAKE GAUDAUR,
THE WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN OARSMAN, NOW CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES.



BUFFALO COSTELLO,
THE CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



S. A. D. Behel.

This valuable player, who has been doing such excellent work for the Metropolitan Club this season, was born in Harrisburg, Pa., in 1860. He figured quite extensively with the amateur and semi-professional clubs of Pennsylvania before making his debut as a professional with the Chicago Union in 1884. When that club disbanded he went to the Fort Wayne and finally finished the season with the Milwaukee. In 1885 he played with the Augustas, from whom the Metropolitan obtained his release.

Jim Mutrie is once more happy.

Barne has cut the string and set Hoover adrift.

The Kansas City mascot is a young coon, with hair on his teeth.

Tommy York is giving very good satisfaction in his umpiring.

Carroll has been thumping the ball in great shape this season.

The Baltimore, as usual, have made a big beginning and a rotten finish.

Casby has been doing some great work for the Philadelphia this season.

What the Brooklyn lack in fielding they seem to be making up in batting.

McKinnon has been doing some pretty good work with the stick this season.

The Mets are back to their old form, and the other clubs want to stand from under.

Horace Phillips feels confident that his Pittsburgh aggregation will get there beyond a doubt.

Long John Reilly has been finding the ball lately in a style that is distasteful to the opposing teams.

Rain has had its say this season, and has put a stop to all baseball games that it did not appreciate.

Pete Browning will soon be classed among the relics of the past, as he has lost his grip almost entirely.

Lon Myers has worked his way out to Leadville, where he is doing great execution with the ash.

Householder, of the Stars of Syracuse, is now practicing kicking, and he is succeeding most admirably.

Little Stricker has won the South through his sliding to bases this season. He owns the whole business now.

They say in Cincinnati that Snyder is never happy unless he manages to get in his two little errors each game.

Radbourne has made the discovery this season that his great success in Providence lay in the support he received.

The Pittsburghers are beginning to loom up as base-runners, since they discovered that that is almost half the game.

The amateur club in Baltimore, called after Kilroy, changed their names after the 25 to 1 game in Brooklyn.

Anson is now trying to find out if the \$110 is really a go, and Spalding is lending a helping hand to have it nullified.

There has been considerable trouble in the Brooklyn Club, but McGinnigle is straightening the matter up in good shape.

The Pittsburgh people are well pleased with Barkley and Baltimore is delighted with Scott, so we will let the subject drop.

A poor beginning generally makes a brilliant ending. Does this mean that the "Indians" are going to win the championship?

If base running counts, the Hamiltons will come somewhere near making their presence known in the International League.

Horace Phillips is not exactly winning the championship for Pittsburgh, but he is swelling the club's treasury, all the same.

McLaughlin could not let the old stuff alone, so Tim Murvan, of the Boston Blues, had to shelve him for the remainder of the season.

The sluggers seem to have it in for Bobby Mathews this season, and from present indications they will succeed in knocking him out.

If all of the postponed games are to be played off, it is hardly likely that either the League or Association will finish the season on time, as they have from twenty to twenty-five apiece at present, and the season is not half over.

The Wolverines imagine that they are going to carry everything before them. They may possibly be slightly off in their calculations.

Every baseball club seems to think that it gets the worst dose of umpiring in the country, and every time they lose it is always the umpire.

Is it any wonder the St. Louis Club released Bauer? Thirty-two errors in four games is enough to make the best of managers glad of weary.

The Boston Blues are having new uniforms made in order to change their luck, and they have selected July 5 as the day to bud forth in their gaudy attire.

There is just a bare possibility that the championship of the League may yet be scooped in by the New York Club. They are not so far behind, and don't forget it.

Deasley has not played many games with the New Yorks this season, but in the few that he has played he has found the ball better than any other man on the team.

A Boston sporting man says that there are only three clubs in the country evenly matched—the Kansas Citys, Boston, and Boston Blues. This is a hard blow on the Boston.

Stagg, of the Yales, has been doing great pitching this season, as he has struck out ninety-three men in nine games. The Yales feel safe, as he is to remain in college for two more years.

It is to be hoped that some one will come to the rescue and cure B. Thompson of the malaria, as he is fairly knocking the cover off the ball now, while he is not feeling well.

This thing of talking about Tom Deasley souring on New York, and wanting his release, is all poppycock. Tom was never treated better in his life than he has been since he came to New York.

It seems unkind for the Cincinnati "Enquirer" to speak of O. P. Caylor as Miss Management, but still when it comes right down to business, we will have to acknowledge that Caylor would make a darned sight better woman than he does a man.

They say Kid Baldwin will plant himself into a pot of gold when he weds his wealthy heiress in the fall. Kid's a fine specimen of humanity to be recklessly tossed in among big money. He will just about go through her wealth like a bullet through cheese.

The Hudsons roped Parsons of the Boston League Club in on the Marlboros, under the name of Baker, and then quietly lay back and scooped in all the bets they could freeze on to. The Hudsons won by 11 to 7, and the Marlboros went home rather crestfallen.

Manager Downey of the St. Johns, of Quincy, thinks a manager is justified in pulling his men off the field when he is being roasted by the umpire. It is just barely possible that under such circumstances the manager is not in a fair position to be a competent judge.

Big Kelly has held his grip better than any umpire in the business. His decisions give more general satisfaction than those of any other man that ever occupied the position, unless it be Bob Ferguson, who is beyond a doubt Kelly's equal. But Bob is not in the business now, so he is tarred out.

It is mean, but the St. Louis people are still talking about that hit Joe Gerhardt made while in that city. They should not make so much fuss about it, as it is not the first hit Joe has made this season by any means, as he made two during the practice games in April, and he has made one since then.

Buffington is now king of a small realm, as President Soden has made him manager of the players who have been left at home, and they have to report to him daily for practice. "Buff" feels his importance, and the way he makes the boys stand around would have put an overseer to blush in slavery days.

The clubs of the National League and the American Association have the kindest feeling toward the Eastern League, and they would feel awfully sorry if any more of the clubs of that body were forced to the wall, but how quickly they would recover from their mourning and scramble for players were the Newark to turn up their toes.

President Hauck has not lost faith in the Cincinnati Club. He thinks they are now having a streak of hard luck, but that they will brace up and play ball before long. He seems to be a good level-headed fellow and is looking at the matter in the proper light. The Cincinnati are a rattling good team, and will no doubt play great ball during the latter part of the season.

There has been more damage done this season by bases given on balls than all the other fielding errors of the game put together. Pitchers should be fined heavily for every base they gave on balls, which would, no doubt, break up this present mean trick of a pitcher giving every man his base on balls, whom he imagines is a good batter. It is not ball playing, and the sooner it is stopped the better.

One of the biggest squeals of the season is the one the managing editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer made when he was invited to appear before the special meeting of the American Association in order that a thorough investigation of the Mallane charges might be made. He has to come East on business, but makes a bluff by advising Mullane to have him arrested for criminal libel and to bring suit against the paper for damages.

It is claimed that the Cincinnati Club is paying \$2,000 salaries to 500 players. This is nothing startling. Is there a club in the League or Association that is not doing the very same thing? If a player is really wanted by a club the actual amount his services are worth are seldom taken into consideration, for if they were there would be no players under contract at present, as they are all getting about ten times what they are worth.

NOTE FOR THE DEAF.
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 833 Broadway, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.
Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their orders do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.
Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

TAKE A TRIAL TRIP

The Most Profitable and Consequently the
CHEAPEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM
in America.

READ WHAT OUR PATRONS SAY.

MAHLER BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of Ladies' Underwear, 505 Sixth Ave.,
New York, March 6, 1886.
We have found, as many others no doubt have, that the POLICE GAZETTE is the best advertising agent in the United States, if not in the world.
MAHLER BROTHERS,
St. Louis, Mo.,
April 17, 1886.

N. B.—Our 10-line "ad" is giving splendid returns—
is far ahead of any other ten papers combined.
SAN MATEO MEDICAL CO.
NINETY-FOUR REPLIES IN SIX DAYS.
Office of W. BENJAMIN,
Montclair, N. J., Dealer in Novelties, etc.
I have received ninety-four cash orders from the two-line "ad" which you inserted for me in your last issue. The POLICE GAZETTE is the best advertising paper I have ever used.
W. BENJAMIN.

Can't possibly do without the POLICE GAZETTE. Over two years' constant use has convinced us that it is the very best medium in existence. Will send you new copy in June.
UNION SUPPLY AGENCY,
Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE OF
KANSAS DETECTIVE BUREAU,
WICHITA, KAN., May 10, 1886.
Your advertising medium is the best I have tried. Run it two weeks. Find here with draft on N. Y. to pay for same.
L. D. STINSON,
President.

WOODBURY, N. J., March 27, 1886.
Your esteemed favor covering order for books from Belfast, Ireland, to hand. This is only another evidence of your widespread circulation. We have had orders from Shanghai and from Australia, also accredited to the GAZETTE.
UNION SUB. AGENCY,
Box 261, Woodbury, N. J.

CINCINNATI, March 17, 1886.
Received your kind letter to-day, saying as mistake was made you would give me the benefit of another insertion of advertisement No. 44.
Your kindness is appreciated, though if I had known that I should have received answers as I have already done, I should never have bothered you about putting it in again. I have some little acquaintance, and shall soon have your paper as the best advertising medium that I have ever tried.
H. BERNARD,
P. O. Box 604.

Our late ad. in the GAZETTE has brought us in over 250 answers to date, and all the Western States and foreign countries yet to hear from, and we consider your paper a very profitable medium for advertisers. Wishing you continued prosperity we are,
NOVELTY CARD CO.,
Springfield, Ohio.

REDESVILLE, Minn. Co., Pa., June 30, 1885.
Very good returns indeed.
AGENTS' SUPPLY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, April 3, 1885.
DEAR SIR—As an advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE appears to increase in value every issue, and it is the only paper I have ever used that ALWAYS pays. My "ad" in it now brings me from 40 to 50 orders every day, which is fully 50 per cent. more than any other three papers I am using.
GEO. T. WILSON.

OFFICE OF W. H. REED,
Wholesale Dealer in Canvas, Agents' Street
Men's and Novelty Dealers' Supplies.
DETROIT, MICH., May 25, 1885.

During the last two weeks I have got the following for letters: One from Canton, China; one from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands (an order); one from Paris (an order); two from Havana; one from Kingston, Jamaica; one from Belfast; one from Glasgow; one from Liverpool; and one (an order) from Middleborough, Eng. It seems funny that we should catch these letters all so close together, and they are the first foreign mail we have ever received. Guess the GAZETTE is the proper paper.
W. H. REED.

CHICAGO, May 29, 1885.
We do not remember to have placed an advertisement that has brought us as many returns as the one in your paper has.
R. W. TANSILL.

OFFICE OF W. F. MAIN,
ROCK FALLS, Ia., June 19, 1885.
DEAR SIR—I have tried several hundred papers and have not as yet found any paper that would pay with in 100 per cent. as well as the POLICE GAZETTE. There is an illustrated paper in your city charging same rate as POLICE GAZETTE, viz. \$1.00 per line. I tried the same one time and received but six replies.
W. F. MAIN.

CARROLLTON, Mo., June 20, 1886.
My former advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE has paid better than any paper I ever used before. I have enclosed money and copy of second advertisement.
E. E. MCLELLAN,
Dealer in Agents' Fast-Selling Books.

ELLSWORTH PUBLISHING CO.,
ELMIRA, N. Y., April 20, 1885.
We most say that the money invested in advertising in the GAZETTE was well spent, and has brought us in more orders than any other paper we have ever invested in. We find your patrons are not confined solely to this continent, as we are constantly receiving orders from the foreign countries. It brings answers almost immediately, and from all parts of the country, and we cheerfully add our names in indorsing it as an excellent advertising medium—in fact, it has no equal.
ELLSWORTH PUBLISHING CO.

OFFICE OF JOHN C. SCHENK,
Publisher "Barbers' Receipt Book,"
490 William Street,
BUFFALO, N. Y., May 22, 1885.
Regarding me being satisfied in comparison with others, etc., as to price paid—\$40—for a three months' run, but as a medium for obtaining results, will say that the GAZETTE lays the illustrated papers in the shade.
JOHN C. SCHENK.

NOT SO FAST.
OSWEGO, N. Y., March 20.
FRANK QUEEN PUBLISHING CO.: You may continue our card in the Clipper. We will add that we have had more returns from our card in the Clipper than from our eight-line card in the GAZETTE, which costs us \$1 per line. We don't understand this.
EASTERN CARD CO.

OSWEGO, N. Y., May 7, 1885.
Inclosed you will find a cutting from the editorial of New York Clipper, March 23, which may or may not have attracted your attention and needs a word or two of explanation. The Clipper had no authority from us to publish a confidential business letter over our firm signature and we consider it at least bad taste. The truth of the matter is this: When we wrote the Clipper our card had been in that paper and in the GAZETTE one week, and, singularly enough, we had received seven answers from the GAZETTE card and but three from GAZETTE card, which, true enough, we did not understand. But, since the time of writing, we received, sad to say, no more answers to our Clipper card and thirty-seven (37) answers (twenty-eight cash) from the GAZETTE card, from about every State and Territory, (Canada, and one from Honolulu. Part of us, let us say, we received no letters of acknowledgment of the receipt of our cash remittances either from the GAZETTE or the Clipper. A comparison of business methods of your paper with that of some others is, perhaps, unnecessary, but it surely must be appreciated by those who use your columns to advertise in.

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Geise, 1/2 drachm.
Ext. igneum amarum (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. lepidandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s.

Mix. Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restoration are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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Early Decay, Lost Manhood, Weakness of Body and Mind, Varicose, Spermatorrhea, etc. Full restoration. Absolute Success Guaranteed by Greville Treatment. Valuable Treatise mailed Free.

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Of the body enlarged and strengthened. Simple, unailing self-treatment. Full explanation, references, etc. sent sealed free. ERIC MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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A POSITIVE Cure without Medicine. Patented October 16, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate

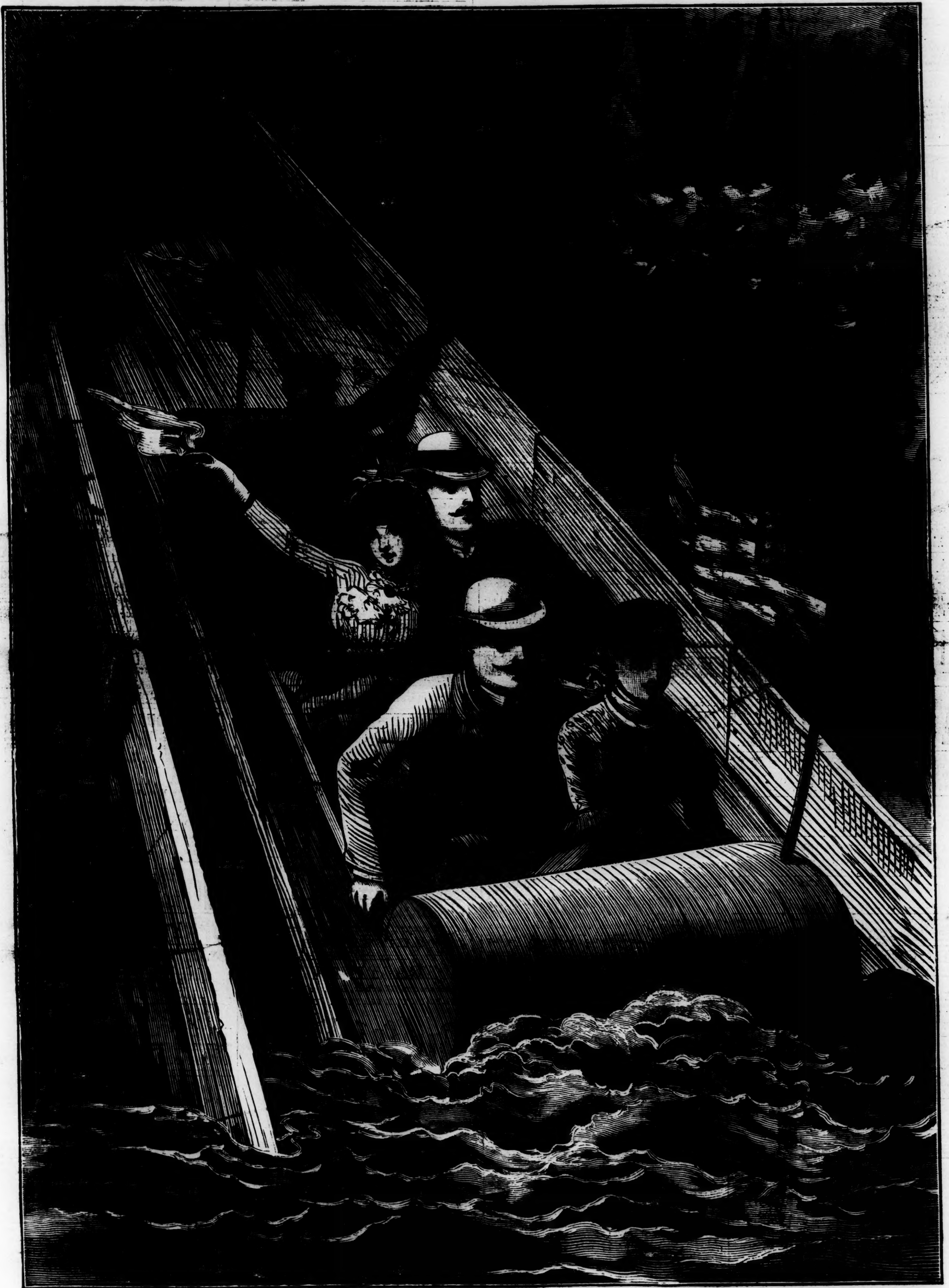
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